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FOURTH BOOK.

1.—CONVERSION OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS TO CHRISTIANITY.

chron-icle
preach-ed
ven-er-able;

mis-sion-aries
con-vert-ing
bap-tize-d

lit-a-nies
im-age
heark-en-ed

Our Saxon forefathers were first brought to the Christian faith by the teaching of good men who were sent into Britain by Gregory the Bishop of Rome, in the year 597. "In this year," says the chronicle, "Gregorius the Pope sent into Britain Augustinus with very many monks, who *gospelled* God's Word to the English folk." Beda, a monk of Northumberland, who lived from 674 to 735, and who, for his learning and goodness, is commonly called the Venerable Bede, tells us a great deal more. He says the reason which made Pope Gregory so anxious to make Christians of the English was as follows:—Some time before he became Pope, he went one day through the market in Rome, where, among other things, there were men, women, and children to be sold as slaves. He there saw some beautiful boys who had just

been bought by a slave-merchant—boys with a fair skin and long fair hair, as English boys then would have. He asked from what part of the world they came, and whether they were Christians or heathens. He was told they were heathen boys from the Isle of Britain. Gregory was sorry to think that forms which were so fair without should have no light within, and he asked again what was the name of their nation.

“*Angles*,” he was told.

“*Angles*,” said Gregory, “they have the faces of *angels*, and they ought to be made fellow-heirs of the angels in heaven.”

Gregory then went to the Pope, and asked him to send missionaries into Britain, of whom he himself would be one, to convert the English. The Pope was willing; but the people of Rome, amongst whom Gregory was a priest, and much beloved, would not let him go. So nothing came of the plan for some time. We do not know whether Gregory was able to do anything for the poor little English boys whom he saw in the market, but he certainly never forgot his plan for converting the English people. After a while he became Pope himself. He then sent a company of monks, with Augustine at their head; Augustine was the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and is called the apostle of the English.

So Augustine and his companions set out from Rome, and passed through Gaul, and came into Britain, just as Cæsar had done ages before. But *this time* Rome had sent men, not to conquer lands,

but to win souls. They landed first in the Isle of Thanet, close to the east part of Kent, and thence they sent a message to King Ethelbert, saying why they had come into his land. The king sent back word to them to stay in the isle until he had fully made up his mind how to treat them; and he gave orders that they should, in the meantime, be well taken care of. After a little while he came himself into the isle, and bade them come and tell him what they had to say. He met them in the open air, for he would not meet them in a house, as he thought they might be wizards, and that they might use some charm or spell, which he thought would have less power out of doors. So they came, carrying an image of our Lord on the cross wrought in silver, and singing litanies as they came. And when they came before the king, they preached the gospel to him and those that were with him, telling them, no doubt, how there was one God who had made all things, and how He had sent His Son Jesus Christ to die upon the cross for mankind, and how He would come again at the end of the world to judge the quick and the dead. King Ethelbert hearkened to them, and he made answer like a good and a wise man—"Your words and promises," said he, "sound very good to me; but they are new and strange, and I cannot believe them all at once, nor can I leave all that I and my fathers and the whole English folks have believed so long. But I see that ye have come from a far country to tell us what ye yourselves hold for truth; so ye may stay in the land, and I will give

you a house to dwell in and food to eat ; and ye may preach to my folk, and if any man of them will believe as ye believe, I hinder him not." So he gave them a house to dwell in, in the royal city of Canterbury, and let them preach to the people. Many men hearkened to them and were baptized, and before long King Ethelbert himself believed and was baptized ; and before the year was out there were added to the Church more than ten thousand souls.

Freeman's " Old English History."

2.—THE ELEPHANTS' BATH.

jungle	re-strait	fright-en-ed
ap-par-ent-ly	bath-ing	con-se-quence
hud-dled	cau-ti-ous-ly	deer, chief

In a herd of elephants, one member of it, generally the most powerful, is, by common consent, obeyed as leader. A female, if of superior energy, is as readily obeyed as a male, and the devotion and loyalty which the herd show to their leader is something very remarkable. Those who have lived much in the jungle in Ceylon have seen instances of submission of herds to their leaders, which create a singular interest as to the means by which the chief elephant gives the orders which are obeyed with such perfect exactness. The following account is given by a gentleman of a scene he saw himself, and looked upon as showing something *much higher than mere instinct* :—

In the height of the dry season in Ceylon, you know, the streams are all dried up, and the tanks nearly so. All animals are then sorely pressed for water, and they collect, in consequence, near those tanks in which even a little remains. During one of those seasons I was encamped near a very small tank, the water of which was nearly dried up. It was the only pond within many miles, and I knew that a very large herd of elephants, which had been near us all day, must go to it at night. There was a large piece of open ground all round the tank, and on one side a thick forest, in which the elephants sheltered themselves all day. It was one of those beautiful, bright, clear, moonlight nights, when everything could be seen almost as well by night as by day, and I made up my mind to use it in watching the movements of this herd. It was a very good place to do this, and an enormous tree hanging partly over the tank gave me a safe shelter in its branches. Having ordered all camp fires to be put out early, and all my followers to go to bed, I climbed up into the tree, but I had to wait two hours before I saw or heard anything of the elephants, though I knew they were within 500 yards of me. At last a very large one came out of the cover, and advanced cautiously across the open ground to within 100 yards of the tank, where he stood perfectly still. So quiet had the elephants become (though they had been roaring and breaking the jungle all the day and evening) that not a sound was now heard. The huge animal stood still as a rock for a few minutes, and then

came a few yards further, stopping to listen, and then creeping a little nearer, and listening again ; and in this way he moved slowly up to the water's edge. Still he did not drink. He returned slowly to the place where he had first stood on coming out of the forest. Here in a little while he was joined by five others, and they went with him to within a few yards of the tank, where he left them to watch, while he went back to the forest and collected the whole herd of 80 or 100. These he led across the open ground with the greatest care and quietness, until they got to the elephants he had posted as watchers. Then he left them for a moment, and again went to the edge of the tank. After which, having apparently made sure that all was safe, he returned and gave the order to advance ; for in a moment the whole herd rushed into the water, with a degree of unreserved confidence so opposite to the caution and timidity which had marked their former movements, that nothing will ever make me think they had not deliberately settled with each other beforehand how they should act, and that the leader did not feel himself trusted with the safety of the others. When the poor animals had gained possession of the tank (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to give themselves up to enjoyment without restraint or fear of danger. Such a mass of animals I had never before seen huddled together in so small a space. It seemed to me as if they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest until they had *satisfied* themselves with bathing as well as drink-

ing, when I tried how small a noise would show them some one was there. I had but to break a little twig, and the solid mass instantly took to flight like a herd of frightened deer, all the little ones being helped along by two of the older ones.

Adapted from Sir E. Tennent's "Ceylon."

3.—THE NORTH CAPE.

rug-ged-ness

en-liv-ens

sol-it-ary

en-er-gies

so-lar

de-so-la-tion

crum-bles

pro-ject-ing

ster-ile

The North Cape is an enormous rock, which, projecting far into the ocean, and being exposed to all the fury of the waves and the outrage of the tempests, crumbles every year more and more into ruins. Here everything is solitary, everything is sterile, everything sad and despondent. The shadowy forest no longer adorns the brow of the mountain; the singing of the birds, which enlivens even the woods of Lapland, is no longer heard in this scene of desolation; the ruggedness of the dark-grey rock is not covered by a single shrub; the only music is the hoarse murmuring of the waves, ever and anon renewing their assaults on the huge masses that oppose them. The Northern sun creeping at midnight just above the horizon, and the immeasurable ocean, in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outlines in the sublime picture presented to the astonished spec-

tator. The incessant cares and pursuits of anxious mortals are recollected as a dream; the various forces and energies of animated nature are forgotten; the earth is contemplated only in its elements, and as constituting a part of the solar system.

Basil Hall.

4.—NOW AND THEN.

tra-di-tion	vest-ure	dain-ties
in-vect-ive	per-spect-ive	un-di-vert-ed
preach	speech	min-ute

In distant days of wild romance,
 Of magic, mist, and fable,
 When stones could argue, tree advance,
 And brutes to talk were able;
 When shrubs and flowers were said to preach,
 And manage all the parts of speech,

'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all
 (But doubts we need not mention),
 That THEN and NOW, two adverbs small,
 Engaged in sharp contention;
 But how they made each other hear,
 Tradition doth not make appear.

THEN was a sprite of subtle frame,
 With rainbow tints invested;
 On clouds of dazzling light she came,
 And stars her forehead crested;
 Her sparkling eye, of azure hue,
 Seemed borrowed from the distant blue.

Now rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture ;
She seldom either grief or mirth
Expressed by word or gesture :
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And worked industrious, calm, and good.

THEN sang a wild, fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on ;
Still stretching, as she sailed along,
Towards the fair horizon,
Where clouds of radiance, fringed with gold,
O'er hills of emerald beauty rolled.

Now rarely raised her sober eye
To view that golden distance,
Nor let one idle minute fly
In hope of THEN's assistance :
But still, with busy hands she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.

She eat the sweet but homely fare
The passing moments brought her ;
While THEN, expecting dainties rare,
Despised such bread and water,
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.

Now, venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective,
And pointed, as she made reply,
Towards that long perspective

Of years to come, in distance blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

“Alas!” says she, “how hard you toil
With undiverted sadness!
Behold yon land of wine and oil—
Those sunny hills of gladness;
Those joys I wait with eager brow;”
“And so you always will,” said NOW.

“That fairy-land that looks so real
Recedes as you pursue it;
Thus, while you wait for time’s ideal,
I take my work and do it;
Intent to form, when time is gone,
A pleasant past to look upon!”

“Ah, well!” said THEN, “I envy not
Your dull, fatiguing labours;
Aspiring to a brighter lot,
With thousands of my neighbours,
Soon as I reach that golden hill”——
“But that,” says NOW, “you never will.”

“And e’en suppose you should,” said she,
(Though mortal ne’er attained it)——
“Your nature you must change with me
The moment you had gained it;
Since hope fulfilled (you must allow)
Turns NOW to THEN, and THEN to NOW!”

Jane Taylor.

5.—DR JOHNSON'S ACT OF PENANCE.

in-quir-ing	men-tion-ing	il-lus-tri-ous
stalk-ed	ab-rupt-ness	fil-i-al
dis-o-be-di-ence	in-clem-en-cy	con-tu-ma-cy

During the last visit the doctor paid to Lichfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast-table. On inquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper-hour, the door opened, and the doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to inquire the cause of his absence, which was at last relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner :—" Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, as you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending Lichfield market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit

the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Lichfield, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather—a penance by which I hope I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father.”

Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

6.—THE SWALLOW.

un-doubt-ed-ly
reg-u-lar-ly
bee-tle

suc-ceed
cir-cu-lar
gen-us

chim-ney
fledge-ling
de-vel-op-ing

Undoubtedly the swallow has seized upon our dwellings without ceremony; she lodges under our windows, under the eaves, in our chimneys. She does not hold us in the slightest fear. It might have been said that she trusted to her unrivalled wing, had she not placed her nest and her children within our reach. Where the mother has built her nest, the daughter and the granddaughter build theirs. They return there every year; their generations succeed to one house more regularly than do our own. A family dies out or *is* dispersed, the house passes into other hands;

but the swallow constantly returns to it. She is the *bird of return*. And if I bestow this title upon her, it is not alone on account of her annual return, but on account of her general conduct, and the direction of her flight, so varied, yet nevertheless circular, and always returning upon itself. She incessantly wheels and veers, indefatigably hovers about the same area and the same locality, describing an infinity of graceful curves, which, however varied, are never far distant from one another. Is it to pursue her prey, the gnat, which dances and floats in the air? Is it to exercise her power, her unwearying wing, without going too far from her nest? We see her flight clearly, but never, or scarcely ever, her little black face. The swallow, caught in the morning, and closely examined, is seen to be a strange and ugly bird, we confess; but she is the being among all beings born for flight. To this object nature has sacrificed everything. She has laughed at *form*, thinking only of *movement*, and has succeeded so well, that this bird, ugly in repose, is, when flying, the most beautiful of all.

Scythe-like wings, projecting eyes, no neck (in order to treble her strength), feet, scarcely any, or none—all is wing; these are her great general features. Add a very large beak, always open, which in flight snaps at its prey without stopping, closes, and again reopens. Thus she feeds while flying; she drinks, she bathes, while flying; while flying she feeds her young. She is the true queen of the air; the incomparable agility of her motions

makes all space her own. Who, like her, can change in the very moment of springing, and turn abruptly? No one. The pursuit of a prey which is ever fluttering—the gnat, the fly, the beetle, the thousand insects that waver to and fro, and never keep in the same direction—is undoubtedly the best training-school for flight, and renders the swallow superior to all other birds.

Nature, to attain this end, has suppressed the foot. In the large church-haunting swallow, which we call the martin, the foot is reduced to a mere nothing. The wing gains in proportion. The martin, it is said, accomplishes eighty leagues an hour. The foot is but a stump in the martin. If he would cling to any object, he has only his own small and feeble claws. But when he rests, he is infirm, and, as it were, paralysed. To take the range of a place is a great difficulty for him; so, if he fixes his nest aloft, at his departure from it he is constrained to let himself fall into his natural element. Afloat in the air he is free, but until then he is a slave. Among this peculiar genus, the foot not supplying the place of the wing, the training of the young being confined to the wing alone and a long apprenticeship in flying, the brood keep the nest for a long time, demanding the cares, and developing the foresight and tenderness of the mother. The lessons are curious. The mother raises herself on her wings—the fledgeling regards her intently, and also raises himself a little; then you see her hovering—he looks, he stirs his wings. All this goes well, for it takes

place in the nest—the difficulty begins when he attempts to quit it. She calls him, she shows him some dainty little tit-bit, she promises him a reward, she tries to draw him forth with the bait of a fly.

Still the little one hesitates. And put yourself in his place. You have but to move a step in the nursery between your nurse and your mother, where, if you fell, you would fall upon cushions. This bird of the church, which gives her first lesson in flying from the summit of the spire, can scarcely embolden her son—perhaps, can scarcely embolden herself, at the decisive moment. Both, I am sure of it, measure more than once with their glances the abyss beneath, and eye the ground. It is an urgent need that he should *trust* his mother, that *she* should have confidence in the wing of the little one. But he *has* trusted, he has made the leap, he will not fall. Trembling, he floats in air, supported by the reassuring voice of his mother. All is finished. Thenceforth he will fly regardless of the wind and storm, strong in that first great trial, wherein he flew in faith.

According to Wilson, the swallow's ordinary flight averages one mile a minute. He is engaged in flying for ten hours daily. Now, as his life is usually extended to a space of ten years, he flies in that period 2,190,000 miles, or nearly eighty-eight times the circumference of the globe.

Michelet.

7.—LESSONS FROM NATURE.

wretch-ed

daz-zling

fore-sight

hoard

ri-dic-u-lous

des-tin-ed

ra-pa-ci-ous

sol-it-ude

boun-te-ous

THE MOLE AND THE ANT.

"You wretched ants!" said a mole. "Is it worth while that you should work the whole summer in order to gather together so little? If you could but see my hoard."

"Listen to me," replied an ant. "If it is greater than thou hast need of, then it is indeed right that men should dig after thee, empty thy barns, and make thee pay for thy rapacious covetousness with thy life."

THE GOOSE.

The feathers of a goose put the new-born snow to shame. Proud of this dazzling gift of nature, she believed herself rather born to be a swan than what she really was. She separated herself from her own kind, and swam round the pond in solitude and majesty. Now she stretched her neck, whose betraying shortness she wished with all her might to remedy. Then she tried to give it the stately bend from which the swan has merited the name of the bird of Apollo; still to no purpose, it was too stiff; and with all her pains, she could do no more than become a ridiculous *goose*, without becoming a swan.

THE YOUNG SWALLOW.

"What are you busy with?" inquired a swallow of the busy ants.

"We are gathering together provisions for the winter," was the quick answer.

"That is prudent," said the swallow; "I will do that also." And she began at once to carry a multitude of dead spiders and flies to her nest.

"What can that be for?" her mother asked at length.

"What for? A store for the bad winter, my dear mother; do you gather some too. The ants have taught me this foresight."

"Oh, leave this little wisdom to the humble ants," replied the old swallow. "What is proper for them does not become the superior swallows. Kind nature has destined a better fate for us. When bounteous summer is over, we journey from hence, and then warm countries receive us, where we rest without want till a new spring comes."

Lessing.

8.—GOOD THINGS FROM DISTANT PLACES.

cas-sa-va
cin-na-mon

bam-boo
su-gar

di-a-monds
ban-a-na

Tea is brought from China,
Rice from Carolina,
India, and Italy—
Countries far beyond the sea.

Coffee comes from Mocha ;
Wholesome tapioca
Is from the West Indies brought,
Where the humming-birds are caught.

That same land produces
Fruits of richest juices,
Shadocks, oranges, and limes
Ripen in those sunny climes.

Tamarind and guaya,
Pine-apples, cassava
(Or the tapioca bread),
There are in profusion spread.

Who would get the sago
Far as India may go,
There the cocoa-nuts are growing,
There the skies are fiercely glowing.

Indigo for dyeing
Is of her supplying,
Lofty palms you there may view
With the feathery bamboo.

Shawls so rich and handsome,
Diamonds worth a ransom,
From the same far country brought,
Are by wealthy people bought.

Ceylon's balmy island
Long hath furnished my land

Both with cinnamon and pearls,
Worn by dames and pretty girls.

Pepper, which so nice is,
Cloves, and other spices,
We receive from Indian isles,
Distant many thousand miles.

Sugar, so delicious,
Arrowroot nutritious,
Are conveyed, I here protest,
From the Indies East and West.

Plantain and banana
Grow in hot Guiana ;
There the chocolate is found,
Parrots in the woods abound.

Books that you may read in
This part are agreed in,
That Peru and Mexico
Gold and silver have to show.

White and fleecy cotton
Grows full many a spot on
In North and South America,
India, and Africa.

Many a one who tarries
For a while at Paris,
Buys the treasures of the place,
Toys and trinkets, gloves and lace.

Port and sparkling sherry,
 Wines that make you merry,
 Come from Portugal and Spain,
 France sends claret and champagne.
Sara Coleridge.

9.—HOW OUR DINNER-TABLES HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED.

con-sti-tu-tion	de-li-ca-cy	do-mes-ti-cat-ed
or-i-gin-al-ly	me-tal-lic	in-tro-duce-d
plum-age	con-ceit-ed	den-i-zen

The turkey was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards from the high regions of Mexico, after the conquest of that country. The traveller who has seen the wild cock of the wilderness gleaming with bright and golden plumage, tinted with the varieties of blue, violet, and green, broken by the deep black bands and metallic lustre of the feathers, looks with disdain upon the conceited gobbler of our homesteads. The peacock was a bird of India, originally brought to Macedonia by the soldiers of Alexander the Great, and afterwards distributed in the course of their conquests by the Romans. The pheasant, also of Eastern origin, was first brought from Asia Minor, but its hardy constitution has fitted it for almost every country. The earliest mention of the bird in England is in the reign of our first Edward, but it has become a settled denizen of our woods, and a general delicacy on our tables.

The partridge is said by some to have originally been a visitor from Egypt and the Barbary coast; but the red-legged bird is a modern introduction from France, and to the regret of many, has become only too plentiful in some preserves, and too completely acclimatised. It persecutes our native breed, while by its determined running it does what it can to spoil the best trained pointer. The guinea-fowl, as its name announces, is a native of the Guinea coast; but its noisy presence in our farm-yards, and its introduction at certain seasons at our entertainments, show how completely it has made itself at home. Even the favourite cage-songster of our homes, the canary-finch, did not visit England until the sixteenth century, and its first introduction into Europe was remarkable. A vessel with a few of the birds on board was wrecked on the Italian coast, opposite the island of Elba, where some of them having escaped found a refuge, and the climate proving favourable, their number increased. From that parent stock it is believed that all our domesticated warblers have sprung, and they have long been considered members of our families. The beautiful fallow-deer was brought to England from the south of Europe, into which it is believed to have been originally introduced from Western Africa, and in these warmer climates it attains a larger size than with us.

For fruits and vegetables we are still more indebted to the introduction of good things out of other lands. The vine followed the Greeks, the wheat the Romans, the cotton the Arabs, and the

potatoes the English. The Romans brought the cabbage in the train of their conquests ; and though the wild apple is a native of England, it is believed that we owe to the Romans its cultivated fruit. The cherry was brought to Italy by a Roman general seventy-three years before Christ, from the Asiatic town Cerasus, from which the name is derived, and we obtained that favourite fruit from our invaders. The peach came direct from Persia to Rome in the reign of Claudius, but was unknown in England until about the middle of the sixteenth century ; and the apricot, a native of the East, was procured from Italy by Wolfe, a French priest, who was gardener to Henry VIII. Hops were first brought from the Netherlands in 1524. The bean came from the East, the kidney-bean from India, and was first grown in our country in the reign of Elizabeth. The pea is a native of Southern Europe, and though early reared in England, we are told that in Elizabeth's reign green peas were brought from Holland, and were "fit dainties for ladies, they came so far, and cost so dear." The onion is supposed to have been a native of Spain, the leek of Switzerland, and the eschalot of Palestine. The radish and endive are natives of China ; parsley is from Sardinia, the artichoke from Southern Europe, brocoli from Cyprus, the walnut from Persia. To the adventurous spirit of enterprise which distinguished the Elizabethan age we also owe the potato, which was imported from Virginia by Raleigh. An ancient ballad records its arrival :—

"The famed Walter Raleigh, Queen Bess's own knight,
Brought here from Virginia the root of delight."

The spot, near Youghal, where they were first planted in these islands, on Sir Walter's estate, is still pointed out to the stranger, and tradition declares the knowledge of their value came by accident. Sir Walter having ordered his gardener to gather some of the plants for his table, the valueless seed-apples which had been produced from the blossoms were accordingly presented to Raleigh, who, on tasting the supposed sample of fine American fruit, immediately commanded the gardener to dig out, and throw the worthless weeds away. Whilst he was doing this, he found the roots in high perfection. Asparagus probably was brought from Western Europe, for many of the steppes of Southern Russia are covered with the wild plant, which is there eaten as grass by horses and cattle. Lettuce and celery are striking examples of the influence of culture; and the pineapple and melon, productions of the tropics, are, by the artificial aid of glass, so reared in England as to become more delicious than they are in their own lands.

Adapted from "All the Year Round."

10.—THE DEFORMED CHILD.

peo-ple
cheekcurt-ain
pleas-antscarce-ly
doc-tor

When summer days are long and warm, they set
my little chair
Without the door, and in the sun they leave me
sitting there;
Then many thoughts come to my mind, that others
never know,
About myself, and what I feel, and what was long
ago.

There are no less than six of us, and all of them are
tall
And stout as any you may see, but I was always
small:
The neighbours look at me, and say I grow not
with the rest;
Then father strokes my head, and says, "The least
are sometimes best."

But hearing I was not like them, within my head
one day
It came (strange thoughts that children have!) that
I'd been changed away,
And then I cried—but soon the thoughts brought
comfort to my mind,
If I were not their own, I *knew* they could not be
so kind.

For we are happy in our home as ever people
were,
Yet sometimes father looks as if his heart was full
of care ;
When things go wrong about the house, then
mother vexed will be ;
But neither of them ever spoke a cross word unto
me.

And once, when all was dark, they came to kiss me
in my bed,
And though they thought I slept quite sound, I
heard each word they said—
“ Poor little thing ! to make thee well we ’d freely
give our all ;
But God knows best ! ” and on my cheek I felt a
warm tear fall.

And then I longed to sit upright, and tell them not
to fret,
For that my pains were not so bad, I should be
stronger yet ;
But as the words came to my lips, they seemed to
die away,
And then they drew the curtain close, and left me
as I lay.

And so I did not speak at all, and yet my heart
was full ;
And now, when I am sick and ill, for fear it makes
them dull

To see my face so pale and worn, I creep to father's
side,
And press it close against his own, and try the
pain to hide.

Then upon pleasant Sundays in the long, warm,
evening hours ;
Will father take me in his arms among the fields
and flowers,
And he'll be just as pleased himself to see the joy
I'm in,
And mother smiles, and says she thinks I look not
quite so thin.

11.—THE DEFORMED CHILD—(*continued*).

with-in	some-times	pleas-ures
where-with	pre-ci-ous	ev-er-y-thing

But it is best within the house when nights are
long and dark,
Two of my brothers come from school, and two
come in from work ;
And they are all so kind to me, the first word they
will say
To mother at the door will be, " Has Bess been
well to-day ? "

And though I love them all so well, *one* may be
loved the best,
And brother John, I scarce know why, seems dearer
than the rest ;

But tired and cross as I may feel, when he comes in
at night,
And takes me on his knee and chats, then every-
thing is right !

When once, I know, about some work he went
quite far away,
Oh, how I wished him back again, and counted
every day ;
And when, the first of all, *I* heard his foot upon
the stair,
Just for that once I longed to run and leave my
little chair !

Then when I look at other girls, they never seem to
be
So pretty as our Hannah is, or half so neat as
she ;
But she will soon be leaving us, to settle far
away
With one she loves, and who has loved her well
this many a day.

I sometimes think, because I have few pleasures
and no cares
Wherewith to please or vex myself, they like to tell
me theirs ;
For sister talks to me for hours, and tells me
much that she
Would never breathe unto a soul unless it were to
me.

One night, when we were quite alone, she gave the
fire a stir,
And shut the door, and showed the ring that
William bought for her,
And told me all about her house, and often has
she said,
That I shall come and live with them, when she
and William wed.

But that I think will scarcely be, for when our
Hannah goes,
What we shall do for want of her not one among
us knows ;
And though there is not much in me the place she
leaves to fill,
Yet *something* may be always done when there is
but the will.

Then the kind doctor says, and he is very seldom
wrong,
That I some day, when no one thinks, may grow
both stout and strong ;
And should I be, through all my life, a care unto
my friends ;
Yet father says there are *worse* cares than God
Almighty sends.

And I will think of this, and then I never can feel
dull,
But pray to God to make me good, and kind, and
dutiful ;

And when I think on Him that died, it makes my
heart grow light
To know that feeble things on earth are precious
in His sight! *Dora Greenwell.*

12.—INVASION OF THE SCOTS.

PART I.

oat-meal	mor-ti-fied	con-triv-ance
san-dal	chas-tise	pa-vil-i-on
mo-rass-es	chap-lain	ad-vers-a-ries

The war between the English and the Scots still lasting, Bruce sent his two great commanders, the good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the countries of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were but small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough

cookery. They made thin shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way, cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle, and fitting them to their ankles.

As such forces needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wherever they came. In the meanwhile, the young King of England (Edward III.) pursued them with a much larger army; but as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in large quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armour, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning. The King of England was extremely angry; for although only a boy of sixteen years old, he longed to fight the Scots, and to chastise them for the mischief they were doing to his country; and at length he grew so impatient, that he offered a large reward to any one who would show him where the Scots were.

At length, after the English host had suffered severe hardships, from want of provisions, and fatiguing journeys through fords and swamps and morasses, a gentleman named Rokeby came into the camp and claimed the reward which the king had offered. He told the king that he had been made prisoner by the Scots, and that they had said they should be as glad to see the English king as

he to see them. Accordingly, Rokeby guided the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English king was no nearer to the battle which he desired; for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river called the Wear, having a channel filled with large stones, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and then climbing up the steep hill in the very face of their enemy; a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then he sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river, and time to place his army in order of battle on the other side, that they might fight fairly, or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join battle on a fair field. Douglas and Randolph did nothing but laugh at his message. They said that when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the King of England chose to ask for a battle. They reminded him insultingly how they had been in his country for many days, burning, taking spoil, and doing what they thought fit. If the king was displeased with this, they said, he must find his way across the river to fight them the best way he could.

The English king, determined not to quit sight of the Scots, encamped on the opposite side of the river to watch their motions, thinking that want of provisions would oblige them to quit their strong position on the mountains. But the Scots once more showed Edward their dexterity in marching, by leaving their encampment, and taking up another post, even stronger and more difficult to approach than the first which they had occupied. King Edward followed, and again encamped opposite to his dexterous and troublesome enemies, desirous to bring them to a battle, when he might hope to gain an easy victory, having more than double the number of the Scottish army, all troops of the very best quality.

PART II.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young King of England a lesson in the art of war. At the dead of night he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He crossed the river in deep silence, and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode passed the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying—"Ha! St George, you keep bad watch here." In those days, you must know, the English used to swear by St George as the Scots did by St Andrew. Presently after,

Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to his comrade, "I cannot tell what is to happen to us in this place ; but for my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some trick."

"You shall have cause to say so," said Douglas to himself.

When he had thus got into the midst of the English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry, "Douglas, Douglas ! English thieves, you are all dead men !" His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavoured to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the king himself, and very nearly carried that young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defence, while the young king escaped by creeping away beneath the canvas of his tent. The chaplain and several of the king's officers were slain ; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was forced to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman who encountered him with a great club. This man he killed, but with considerable difficulty ; and then blowing his horn to collect his soldiers,

who soon gathered round him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising those audacious adversaries, and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas, when he returned to the Scottish camp, "what he had done?"

"We have drawn some blood."

"Ah!" said the Earl, "had we all gone together, we should have discomfited them."

"It might well have been so," said Douglas, "but the risk would have been too great."

"Then we will fight them in open battle," said Randolph; "for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of provisions."

"Not so," replied Douglas; "we will deal with this great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable."

"And how was that?" said the Earl of Murray.

Hereupon Douglas told him this story:—

"A fisherman," he said, "had made a hut by a river-side, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold, there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he had taken. 'Ho, Mr Robber!' said the

fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the doorway, to prevent the fox's escape, 'you shall presently die the death.' The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none; whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon; and so," said Douglas, "shall we escape the great English army by subtlety, and without risking battle with so great a force."

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scottish army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there as before. But in the meantime Douglas had caused a road to be made through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear. This was done by cutting down to the bottom of the bog, and filling the breach with faggots of wood. Without this contrivance it would have been impossible that the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not so much as leave an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march towards Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted. Great was their wonder in the morning when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living men in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting

message to the King of England, saying, "If he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland."

The place where the Scots fixed this famous encampment was in the Forest of Weardale, in the bishopric of Durham, and the road which they cut for the purpose of their retreat is still called the *Shorn Moss*. After this a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce on terms highly honourable to Scotland; for the English king renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country, and moreover, gave his sister, a princess called Johanna, to be wife to Robert Bruce's son, called David. This treaty was concluded in 1328.

Sir W. Scott.

13.—ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ex-ceed-ing
pres-ence

cheer-i-ly
van-ish-ed

wak-en-ing
ac-cord

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its
head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the
 Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not
 so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

14.—THE WINTER IN ST PETERSBURG.

ac-ci-dent-al-ly
 thawed
 du-ra-tion

un-change-a-ble
 re-cess-es
 par-ing

lei-sure-ly
 pre-cau-tion
 ther-mo-me-ter

In the month of December 1836, a person in Moscow threw the paring of an apple out of a window. It did not fall into the street, but accidentally remained hanging to the outer edge of the window-sill, and froze there firmly to it. All through six weeks this apple-paring was seen frozen quite stiff, and waving over the steep descent without a single gleam of warm weather ever coming to loosen it. At last, in the beginning of February, after six weeks and three days, it thawed

in the warm sunshine, and fell, finishing its descent, begun just six weeks before, into the street. Certainly this is a very clear proof of the obstinate duration of the climate of Moscow in a bad course. In St Petersburg such a thing could not happen, for in the marshy delta of the Neva the climate is not so unchangeable as in the interior of Russia. The milder influence of the Baltic Sea opposes here the icy winds which come from Siberia. The climate of St Petersburg alternates between two extremes.

In general, life in winter goes on in its ordinary way, whether it rain, or snow, or freeze, or thaw. Day after day the birch-trees crackle in the stoves, the sledges glide along the streets, the warm public rooms are heated for the poor people, and the fires in the streets near the theatres are regularly kept up for the coachmen. Only when the cold rises to an exceptional and extraordinary height one sees a remarkable change in the movement in the streets and the aspect of all around. When once they say, "The thermometer* has fallen to 20 degrees," then all begin to give great attention to counting the degrees, at 23 to 24 degrees the police begin to be active; the officers go their rounds day and night, in order to keep the sentries and men who watch the streets awake, and to punish severely those who are caught asleep, for in this case sleep is the most certain means to insure an easy change from this world to the next.

* Reaumur.

When it is 25 degrees the theatres are closed, as proper precautions can no longer be taken for the safety of the actors and coachmen. The foot passengers, who generally walk in a leisurely manner, then run in such haste, that they seem to have important business on hand, and the sledges fly in a gallop over the snow. No more faces are seen, for every one draws his furs over his head and hat. The fear of losing eyes, ears, and nose with the frost terrifies every one; and as the freezing of any of these is not announced by any disagreeable sensation beforehand, people have enough to think of, for fear they forget any member of the body, and omit rubbing it a little. "My good father, attend to thy nose," says the passer-by to any one he meets, and without the least ceremony begins to rub his chalk-white nose with snow. People have a great deal of trouble too with their eyes, as they freeze together every moment. They knock at the first good-looking house door, and beg the owners to give them a place by their stoves for a few minutes, and then offer a frozen tear of gratitude for the favour granted.

The Russian stoves are the most perfect of the kind ever invented. They are made of Dutch tiles, and give out very great heat. They are heated slowly; but they keep the heat so much the longer, and once lighted, keep warm the whole day through. In St Petersburg they heat them almost universally with birch wood, which is the cheapest fuel that can be had in the district, and at the same time is more lasting than the pine wood. The

Russian stove-heaters are very clever in all the necessary arrangements for their peculiar mode of heating. They have no acquaintance with tongs or shovels, and they have no other instrument than a long iron hook for the fire, with which they regularly stir the mass of coal in the stove, break the coals, and bring those forward which have not been burnt out, to expose them more to the draught. In all great houses there is one or perhaps two stove-heaters, who have nothing else to do the whole day but look to the stove, bring the wood and prepare it. In order that their masters may have the room warm when they want their coffee in the morning, these good, faithful creatures are obliged to begin their work even whilst it is still night. It is easy to imagine what an important part the stove plays also in the houses of the common Russians. In these it becomes a much larger machine, which is used for warming, baking, and cooking. All round it run benches for the enjoyment of the warmth, and numerous little recesses and holes are made in it to dry a thousand little things, while wet clothes hang round it continually.

The double windows, which are used in Petersburg as well as in all Russia, contribute not a little to maintain the heat of the rooms. Hardly has the first frost made its appearance in October, than the whole house is prepared against it; all little openings are pasted up with paper, and double windows placed in all parts. Nearly every peasant has double windows. They hardly have

.

a little window anywhere, which can be opened for air, and you may think what joy, what mirth and freshness come into the room when at last in May, these stifling coverings are taken away again, and the windows can once more be opened. In the spaces between the double windows they generally put salt or sand, which substances absorb any damp which may collect. The salt is piled up into all kinds of ornamental forms, and remains undisturbed until spring, and the bed of sand is planted with beautiful artificial flowers, which bloom for the same length of time in these glass cages. Each house follows its own taste in its own way, and you may on a clear day have great pleasure in going through the streets, to see the decorations in the double windows. The doors are not inferior to the windows. They may be found not only once doubled, but sometimes even three and four times.

The inordinate consumption of brandy very much increases the danger of the cold; for drunkenness and sleep are in frost the most dangerous of all things. As every frost which comes suddenly finds a crowd of drunkards and sleepers in the streets, it may readily be imagined that the loss of life is not small. The number of these is still more increased by the want of consideration on the part of the nobles. During visits, even when the weather is most severe, they let their servants wait for hours in the streets, in order to have them ready at a moment's notice. The coachmen then sleep upon their boxes, and

the little twelve-year-old postillions, who have not yet learned to keep awake until midnight, hang dozing upon their horses, or lie down, with the bridles fastened to their arms, on the frozen snow of the pavement.

From the German of Kohl.

15.—MORNING HYMN.

thous-and
zen-ith

dark-en-ed
shad-ows

mid-night
ev-er-more

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
 Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
 Till psalm and song His name adore,
 Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Palgrave.

16.—FRESH AIR.

grad-u-al	im-mer-sion	phys-i-ol-o-gy
per-ceives	sys-tem	head-ache
at-mo-sphere	poi-son	con-sti-tution

The very gradual way in which most external influences produce their effects on the bodily constitution has been one of the causes of the neglect of physiology by doctors as well as by the public. When a man loses his life in consequence of sudden immersion in the carbonic acid of a brewer's vat, everybody perceives at once the existence of a sufficient cause for his death. But when a person is exposed to the action of the same gas in a more diluted form, as in the confined atmosphere of an ill-ventilated apartment, public assembly-room, or crowded church, the effect produced on the bodily system is much less in degree, and instead of actual destruction of life, it may amount only to a feeling of uneasiness, oppression, or headache, which is disagreeable at the time, but which goes off when pure air is admitted. No *sensible* inconvenience continuing afterwards to be felt, people think the exposure has done them no harm, and therefore no attempt is made to prevent the same thing

happening again. In fact and in reason, however, the evil done is *quite as certain* in the one case as in the other. The only difference is, that in the one the feeble, because diluted, poison produces a correspondingly smaller effect; while in the other, the concentrated poison produces a result so intense that there is no possibility of overlooking it. But let the weaker poison continue to act, as when an individual lives habitually in a vitiated atmosphere, and the sum of weak effects will go on accumulating till health becomes impaired by slow degrees, and premature death at last ensues, as certainly though not so soon as in the other case.

Combe's Physiology.

17.—HINTS ABOUT BEDROOMS.

dis-ease	o-dour	re-spir-ing
re-new-al	vi-ti-a-ted	vig-our
cir-cu-la-tion	sim-i-lar	an-xi-ous

Their small size and their lowness render them very unhealthy, and the case is rendered worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night, that is, during more than a third part of our lives; and thus the period of repose which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigour becomes a source of disease. Sleep

during such circumstances is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well-ventilated apartment. It often happens indeed that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and langour which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill-ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs by means of the air we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling, for many successive hours, the vitiated air of our bedrooms, and how the health must be as effectually destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome, or innutritious food. In the case of children, or young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bedrooms, nurseries, schools, &c. Let a mother, who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bedrooms in the morning, before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere—the close and oppressive odour of the room—and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit some morning after means have been

taken by the chimney ventilator, or otherwise, to secure a full supply, and constant renewal of the air in the bedrooms during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe.

Sir James Clarke.

18.—THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

cau-tious-ly
twi-light

stead-i-ly
stag-ger-ing

tu-mult
froz-en

You see the gentle water,
How silently it floats,
How cautiously, how steadily
It moves the sleepy boats;
And all the little loops of pearl,
It strews along the sand,
Steal out as leisurely as leaves,
When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are flying at its breast;
And if you like to listen,
And draw your chairs around,
I'll tell you what it did one night
When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas ;
A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze ;
And along the woods of Devon,
And the silver cliffs of Wales,
You may see, when summer evenings fall,
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
And grey winds hunt the foam,
They go back to little Brixham
And ply their toils at home.
And so it chanced, one winter's day,
When the winds began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

Then, as the storm grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white ;—
It was fiercer through the twilight,
And fiercest through the night ;
And strong clouds set themselves like ice,
With not a star to melt ;
And the blackness of the darkness
Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin,
Went on its secret way,
And struck a hundred barks adrift
To reel about the bay ;

They meet, they crash—God keep the men !
God give a moment's light !
There is nothing but the tumult,
And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were trembling,
They grieved for what they knew ;
What do you think the women did ?
Love taught them what to do.
Up spoke a wife, “ We 've beds at home,
We 'll burn them for a light,
Give us the men and the bare ground—
We want no more to-night.”

She took the grandame's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go ;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no ;
And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
And they knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire,
Or only a funeral pile.

And fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry went through the people,
“ A boat is coming back ! ”
Staggering dimly through the fog,
They see and then they doubt ;
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout ?

Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With, "Child, here comes your father!"
Or, "Wife, is this your man?"
And faint feet touch the welcome stone,
And stay a little while;
And kisses drop from frozen lips,
Too tired to speak or smile.

So one by one they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare—
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there;
But some went home without a bed
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam,
And this is what the women bear
Who watch for them at home;
So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to meet the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails.

M. B. Smedley.

19.—THE HISTORY OF THE AGED WOLF,

IN SEVEN FABLES.

re-solve-d

sat-is-fied

dis-miss

shep-herd

greed-i-ness

mor-al-ise

ap-pet-ite

re-ject-ed

earn-est

1.

The wicked wolf had grown old, and resolved henceforth to pretend to be on a good footing with all the shepherds. He rose up and went to the shepherd whose flock was the nearest to his den. "Shepherd," said he, "thou callest me the bloody wolf, but that is what I really have not been. I must confess, I have been obliged now and then to take one of thy sheep when I was hungry, for hunger is painful. Only guard me against hunger, only satisfy my appetite, and thou shalt be really well pleased with me. For I am the very tamest and best tempered of beasts when I am satisfied."

"When thou art satisfied! That may easily be," answered the shepherd. "But I should like to know when thou art satisfied? Thou and thy greediness would never be that. Get away with thee!"

2.

The rejected wolf went to the second shepherd. "Thou knowest, shepherd," so went his speech, "that during the year, I might have worried many of thy sheep; wilt thou give me every year with-

out fail six sheep, and then I will be content? Thou wilt then be able to sleep in peace, and dismiss thy dogs without fear."

"Six sheep!" cried the shepherd, "why, that is a whole flock!"

"Well then, I will make myself content with five," replied the wolf.

"Thou art jesting! Five sheep! Why, I would not even offer up five sheep in the year to the God Pan!"

"Say four, then," said the wolf, and the shepherd shook his head in ridicule.

"Three?—Two?"

"Not a single one," cried the shepherd. "I should be a fool if I began to pay such a tax to an enemy, against whom I can defend myself by taking a little care!"

3.

"Three is the lucky number," thought the wolf, as he went to the third shepherd.

"It really seems to me," said he to him, "that I have been described amongst thy sheep as the most horrible, unconscientious creature. To thee, O shepherd, will I now prove what injustice people have done me. Give me one sheep a year, and then thy sheep (which are not in danger from any one but me) shall feed in this wood where they like, in comfort and safety. One sheep! just think what a trifle! Could I be more generous? Could I be more unselfish? Why, shepherd, thou art laughing; now what can make thee laugh?"

"Oh, nothing at all. But how old art thou, my good friend?" inquired the shepherd.

"What hast thou to do with my age? I am still of an age to be able to worry thy most precious lambs."

"Do not get angry, old Isegrim! I am sorry that thou hast come to me a few years too late with thy proposal. Thy worn-out teeth betray thee. Thou only pretendest to be unselfish in order to be able to feed thyself with more convenience and less danger."

4.

The wolf began to feel very angry. He composed himself, however, and went on to the fourth shepherd. This one had just lost his faithful dog by death, and the wolf used that circumstance for his own profit.

"Shepherd," said he, "I have quarrelled with my brethren in the forest, and in such a manner, that if I live for ever, I will never consent to a reconciliation. Thou knowest how much thou hast to dread from them. If thou wouldst take me into thy service in the place of the dog which thou hast lost, then I will answer for it that they shall never so much as look at thy sheep out of the corners of their eyes."

"Then thou wilt protect them against thy brethren in the forest?"

"What else do I mean?—of course I would."

"That would not be amiss. But if I were to take thee in now amongst my flocks, tell me who

would protect my sheep against thee? To take a thief into the house, in order to be secure against thieves outside it—that is what we men ”——

“ I hear what is coming,” said the wolf; “ thou art beginning to moralise. Good-bye.”

5.

“ If only I were not so old,” said the wolf with a groan; “ but alas! I must accommodate myself to my age; ” so he went to the fifth shepherd. “ Dost thou know me, shepherd? ” asked he.

“ If I do not, I know some one who is very like thee,” replied the shepherd.

“ Like me! I doubt that very much. I am so remarkable a wolf that I am worthy of thy friendship, and of that of all shepherds.”

“ And how art thou so remarkable? ”

“ I cannot kill and eat a living sheep—no, not if it was to cost me my life; I eat only dead sheep. Is not that worthy of praise? Wilt thou therefore allow me to come from time to time amongst thy flocks, to ask how they are, and if ”——

“ Spare thy words,” said the shepherd. “ Thou must eat no sheep at all, not even when they are dead, if thou dost not wish to have me for an enemy. An animal that already devours dead sheep, learns easily when it is hungry to look upon sick sheep as dead ones, and healthy sheep as sick ones. Do not rely on my friendship, and go.”

6.

“ Now I really must give all I have to gain my

ends," thought the wolf, and went to the sixth shepherd.

"Shepherd, how dost thou like my fur?" asked he.

"Thy fur?" said the shepherd, "let me see. It is pretty certain the dogs must have had thee down very often."

"Now listen, shepherd, I am old, and cannot last much longer; feed me till I die, and I will make over my fur to thee."

"Now just look there," said the shepherd, "art thou still going on in the old way, thou greedy creature? No, no; thy fur would in the end cost me seven times as much as it was worth. Art thou still in earnest about making me a present. If so, let me have it now." Hereupon the shepherd seized his club, and the wolf fled.

7.

"O the pitiless creatures!" cried the wolf, becoming wild with rage. "I will die an enemy to them before hunger kills me, for they will not accept anything better." He ran, broke into the dwellings of the shepherds, tore their children down, and was not destroyed by the shepherds without a great deal of trouble.

Then the wisest of them said, "We did wrongly after all in driving the old robber to extremity, and depriving him of all means of improvement, however late it was, and however much he might seem to us to be compelled to seek them."

From the German of Lessing.

20.—ATTENTION TO SMALL MATTERS.

re-sult	fea-ture	em-phat-ic-al-ly
per-sist-ent	nav-i-ga-tors	te-le-scope
beat-en	sus-pen-sion	mi-cro-scope

The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means, and the exercise of ordinary qualities. The common life of every day, with its cares, necessities, and duties, affords ample opportunity for acquiring experience of the best kind, and its most beaten paths provide the true worker with abundant scope for effort, and room for self-improvement. The road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will usually be the most successful.

Those who look into practical life will find that fortune is usually on the side of the industrious, as the winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators. In the pursuit of even the highest branches of human inquiry, the commoner qualities are found the most useful—such as common sense, attention, application, and perseverance.

The most careful attention and painstaking industry always mark the true workers. The greatest men are not those who depise small things, but those who improve them most carefully. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor in his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his last visit. "I have retouched

this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to that lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

So it was said of Nicholas Poussin, the painter, that the rule of his conduct was, that "whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well;" and when asked late in life by a friend, by what means he had gained so high a reputation in Italy, Poussin emphatically answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."

The difference between men consists very much in the intelligence of their observation. A Russian proverb says of a man who does not observe things, "He goes through the forest, and sees no fire-wood." "The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon, "but the fool walketh in darkness." "Sir," said Johnson on one occasion to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage-coach than others in the tour of Europe." It is the mind that sees as well as the eye. Where unthinking gazers observe nothing, men of intelligent vision see into the very root of the matter put before their eyes, attentively noting differences, making comparisons, and seeing exactly what the thing means. In this way the telescope was invented by Galileo, and this proved the beginning of the modern science of astronomy. While

Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's web suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be made in the same way, and the result was the invention of the Suspension Bridge.

Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny shipworm: he saw how the little creature bored through the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction, and then in another, till the archway was complete, and then covered over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish; and by copying the work exactly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work. It is the intelligent eye of the careful observer which gives all these apparently trifling sights their value. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to put an end to the mutiny which arose among his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the New World was not far off. There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten; and no fact, however trivial, but may prove useful in some way or other, if carefully interpreted. Who could have imagined that the famous chalk cliffs of England had been built up by tiny insects, detected only by the help of the micro-

scope, of the same order of creatures that have filled the sea with islands of coral? And who that contemplates such wonderful results arising from infinitely minute operations, will venture to doubt the power of little things.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in life, in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successful generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing into a mighty pyramid. Though many of these facts and observations seemed in the first instance to have but slight significance, they are all found to have their essential uses, and to fit into their proper places.

Adapted from Smiles' "Self-Help."

21.—ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

court-e-ous-ly
bish-op

di-a-logue
car-din-al

schol-ar
dis-course

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day,
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him, and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

Saint.—Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Youth.—To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St.—And when you are one, what do you intend?

Y.—To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St.—Suppose it so; what have you next in view?

Y.—That I may get to be a canon too.

St.—Well; and how then?

Y.—Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.

St.—Be it so,—

What next?

Y.—Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be—

St.—Suppose it was; what then?

Y.—Why, who can say,
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

St.—Well, having worn the mitre and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after
that?

Y.—Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then I must
die.

St.—What! must you die? fond youth, and at
the best,
But wish, and hope, and may-be, all the
rest!

Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that, which *must be*, first of all provide;

Then think of that which *may be* ; and indeed,
 When well prepared, who knows what may
 succeed,
 But you may be as you are pleased to hope—
 Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope !
Dr Byrom.

22.—THE HAPPIEST MAN.

strut-ting	em-broid-er-y	li-able
grand-eur	os-ten-ta-tion	cit-i-zen
vi-cis-si-tude	o-pin-i-on	ex-as-per-ate

It is said that Solon, when he came to Sardis at the request of Croesus, was in the same condition as a native of an inland country when first he goes to see the ocean ; for as he fancies every river he meets with to be the sea, so Solon, as he passed through the court and saw a great many nobles richly dressed, and proudly strutting among a crowd of attendants and guards, thought every one had been Croesus, till at last he was brought to his presence, and found him decked with all the ornaments of jewels, purple, and embroidery, all that could strike the beholders with admiration of his grandeur and magnificence. When Solon came before him, and seemed not at all surprised, nor paid Croesus those compliments he expected, but showed himself to all discerning eyes to be a man who despised such vain ostentation and empty pomp, he commanded them to open his *treasury* to him, and to carry him about and show

him his rich furniture, though he did not desire to see it, for Solon needed only to look upon him to give a judgment of the man. When he returned from viewing all this, Croesus asked him "if he had seen a happier man than he was?" And when Solon answered he knew "one Tellus, a fellow-citizen of his," and told him, "that this Tellus was an honest man, had good children, a competent estate all his life, which he ended fighting for his country," Croesus looked upon him as a man void of all taste and judgment for not measuring happiness by the abundance of gold and silver, and for preferring the life and death of a mean and private man before so much power and such an empire.

He asked him again, if, besides Tellus, he knew any other man more happy? Solon replied, "Yes, Clotis and Bito, who were very loving brothers, and very dutiful to their mother; for when the oxen were too long before they came, they put themselves to the waggon, and drew their mother to Juno's temple, who was extremely pleased with their action, and called happy by her neighbours; and then after they had sacrificed and feasted, they went to rest and never rose again, but died without pain or trouble immediately after they had acquired such great reputation."

"How," says Croesus displeased, "dost not thou reckon us also among the number of happy men?" Solon, unwilling either to flatter, or to exasperate him more, replied, "King of Lydia, as God has given us Greeks a moderate proportion

of other things, so likewise of a kind of free and popular wisdom, which, contemplating the vicissitudes of human life, forbids one being elated with any present enjoyment, or greatly admiring the happiness of any man while it continues liable to alteration from time, since futurity contains in it an unknown variety of events. Him only we esteem happy whose happiness God continues to the end; but for him who has still all the hazards of life to encounter, we think he can with no more reason be pronounced happy than the wrestler can be proclaimed and crowned as victor before he has finished the combat."

After this he was dismissed, having grieved, but not instructed Cræsus. Æsop, the author of the fables, was then at Sardis upon Cræsus's invitation, and very much esteemed; he was concerned at the ill reception Solon met with, and gave him this advice. "Solon, let your visits to kings be as few or as pleasant to them as possible." Solon replied, "No, rather let them be as few or as useful to them as possible."

Then, indeed, Cræsus despised Solon; but when he was overcome by Cyrus, had lost his city, was taken alive, condemned to be burnt, and laid bound upon the pile before all the Persians and Cyrus himself, he cried out as loud as possibly he could, three times, "O Solon!"

Cyrus, surprised, and sending some to inquire what man or god this Solon was, who was the only person he invoked in this extreme *distress*, Cræsus told him the whole story, saying,

“He was one of the wisest men of Greece, whom I sent for, not to be instructed, or to learn anything that I wanted, but that he should see and be a witness of that happiness, the loss of which is now a greater evil than the enjoyment was a good; for when I had it, the good of it was such only in name and opinion, but now the loss of it at last hath in reality brought upon me grievous troubles and incurable calamities; and that man, conjecturing from what was then what has since happened, bade me look to the end of my life, and not rely and grow proud upon uncertainties.”

When this was told to Cyrus, who was a wiser man than Croesus, he, seeing in the present example that Solon's words were confirmed, not only freed Croesus from punishment, but honoured him as long as he lived. And Solon had the glory, by the same discourse, to save one of these kings and instruct the other.

Plutarch's Lives.

23.—GOOD WORK.

es-teem	dis-tress	ac-cur-ate
square-ness	in-tim-ate-ly	straight-ness
char-it-able	car-pent-er	con-nect-ed

A good carpenter, or a good smith, will not do bad work. His master may try to make him do bad work, for a master may esteem it his main business to sell whatever will find a market; but the good workman will not do it. He would rather

do what hurts his whole soul—do nothing, and see his family in distress, or work for less than he is worth, either of which wears his heart by the sense of injustice. In short, he must be *accurate* and *truthful*. 'With the squareness of his work, and the straightness of his line, are intimately connected his notions of right and wrong. The good workman is *humble* withal; he knows the struggle good work has cost him, and his satisfaction in it is mixed with a sense of his own feebleness in respect to all good work, and all higher work which he cannot himself do. He is *charitable* and helpful to others, because he has a fellow-feeling with all who strive as he strove; and he desires that all good work should prosper, as he wishes that all bad should come to an end. He is *noble*, because he feels himself to be a part of the whole army of workers, who, from the beginning of the world, have striven in all arts and all times and all places to do their duty in the station of life in which they have laboured.

Dr Avland.

24.—TO THE DAISY.

ma-ter-nal
hu-man-i-ty

con-cord
shel-ter

me-thinks
un-blest

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care, -
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow,

Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough.

Is it that man is soon deprest ?
 A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And thou wouldst teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 -A hope for times that are unkind,
 And every season.

Wordsworth.

25.—THE COFFEE-TREE.

tem-per-at-ure	in-clin-a-tion	har-vest-ing
bev-er-age	pro-hib-i-tion	ad-ult-er-ate
trop-ic-al	win-now-ed	cy-lin-der

The coffee-tree is an evergreen shrub from fifteen to twenty feet in height, with an erect stem covered with a brownish bark, and opposite branches with a slightly downward inclination, giving to the whole shrub an elegantly beautiful pyramidal outline. The flowers of the coffee-tree resemble those of the white jessamine. The trees are very beautiful and fragrant when in bloom, and not less attractive when the berries are ripe and ready for gathering; for these are then of a deep scarlet colour, and show to great advantage amongst the dark-green glossy leaves.

The home of the coffee-tree is said to be Abyssinia, where it still grows wild; thence it was transplanted to Arabia towards the close of the fifteenth century. It was introduced by the Dutch into Batavia in 1690, and thence carried to the West Indies in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and afterwards to the Brazils. Coffee is now grown in almost every tropical country having an average temperature of above fifty-five degrees. We receive it from Java in the East Indies, from Trinidad in the West Indies, and from Rio Janeiro in South America. The best coffee comes from Mocha in Yemen, the southernmost province of Arabia.

As soon as the crimson colour of the coffee-berry indicates the time for harvesting, the berries, which drop readily when mature, are shaken from the trees upon cloths or mats spread under them. They are then piled together in heaps for forty-eight hours to soften the pulp, and afterwards put into tanks through which water flows continually, to wash off the pulp. The berries are then spread out on the platform, with which every coffee-estate is furnished, to dry in the sun. But there still exists the husk, which is broken off by means of heavy rollers. The seeds are then winnowed, and put into bags for sale.

Raw coffee is roasted—after it arrives in this country—in a hollow iron cylinder, which is kept turning for half an hour over a charcoal fire, until the berries are coloured sufficiently brown. Roasting coffee improves its flavour and strength.

Coffee is said to have been first used by the Persians as a beverage as early as 875 A.D., and from them the Arabs learned its value. The consumption of coffee was not at all rapid at first, and it was not until 1554 that it was publicly sold in Constantinople.

The consumption of coffee in Turkey is very great. This is probably owing to the strict prohibition which the Mohammedan religion lays against wine and spirituous liquors. So necessary is coffee to the Turks, that the refusal of it in reasonable quantities to a wife is considered to be a sufficient ground for a divorce. The coffee-houses in Turkey are very numerous, and some of them spacious and handsome. In Constantinople such as are regularly licensed are gaudily painted, and furnished with mats, platforms, and benches. Sometimes there is a fountain in the middle of the room, which renders the atmosphere delightfully cool, and also a gallery for the musicians. Towards evening these houses become thronged with a motley assemblage of Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, all smoking and indulging in the tiny cups of coffee, generally drunk without sugar or milk.

It is in the Turkish coffee-houses that the vagrant story-teller finds his stage and his audience. He walks to and fro, stopping when the sense of his story requires some emphatic expression or attitude, and generally contrives to break off in the most interesting part of his tale, making his escape from the room despite of every precaution that may be taken to prevent him. His hearers,

thus compelled to restrain their curiosity, are induced to return the next evening at the same hour to the coffee-room.

Coffee was first sold in London in 1652, by a Turkish merchant, who kept a house for that purpose in George Yard, Lombard Street. It soon became very popular.

Coffee, like tea, is frequently adulterated. Of these adulterations the most common one is chicory, a plant resembling a dandelion, with blue flowers. The large roots of this plant are sliced and dried in kilns; they are then roasted and reduced to powder, and this, when boiled, yields a drink not unlike coffee. Chicory is perfectly wholesome. When added to coffee in small quantities, it rather improves its flavour, and renders it less difficult of digestion. In 1867 about 61,486 tons were imported into the United Kingdom, principally from our foreign possessions.

Yeats' "Natural History of Commerce."

26.—THE PEACOCK.

tuft-ed	pen-al-ties	poul-try
ap-pend-age	em-er-ald	stud-ded
priv-il-ege	na-tur-al-ize-d	prop-a-gate

The most remarkable feature about the peacock is the immense tail with which nature has endowed it. This tail, formed of long, large, and tufted feathers, coloured with the richest shades, is capable of being raised up like that of a turkey. When one contemplates this magnificent append-

age in which purple and gold vie with the most varying colours of the emerald, and notices the innumerable and brilliant eyes with which it is studded; when one views its lofty stature, elegant shape, noble carriage, and, above all, a slight and mobile tuft, the emblem of royalty, crowning its head, one cannot help being struck with lively admiration, and at once according the palm of beauty to the privileged being which unites in itself so many marvels. The peacock was known from the earliest time, for it is mentioned in the Bible as one of the most precious products brought from Asia by King Solomon's ships. It made its first appearance in Greece after Alexander's expedition into India. Alexander, it is said, was so astonished at the sight of this bird, that he forbade it to be killed under the severest penalties. For a long time they were very rare, and fetched a high price at Athens, and the people from the neighbouring towns assembled in crowds to see them. From the Greeks they passed to the Romans; but this nation, more fond of the pleasures of the table than of spectacles, soon made them figure in their feasts. Peacocks consequently were rapidly propagated in the poultry-yards of the rich patricians, and some of the emperors caused dishes of the heads or brains of peacocks to be served. From this cause their price became excessive in Rome. Little by little they spread throughout the empire, and thus the peacock became naturalized in Europe. During several centuries its exquisite and delicate flesh was in very great.

favour ; but the importation of the pheasant, and later that of the turkey, brought successful rivals for table honours. The peacock is now bred principally to please the eye. The domestic peacock, which is now the pride of our gardens and parks, is indigenous to India and the isles of the Eastern Archipelago. There they still live in large troops in the depths of the forest. They are so abundant in some parts, that it is said the traveller Colonel Williamson counted in one day not less than from twelve to fifteen hundred.

The peacock runs with such rapidity that it often escapes from pursuing dogs ; it takes to the wing with difficulty, and flies slowly, though it can prolong its flight to a considerable distance. It feeds upon grain of all kinds, which it swallows without crushing. In the evening, to roost for the night, it perches upon the limbs of the highest trees. In a state of domesticity it retains this fancy for elevated places, and takes pleasure in mounting on the roofs of houses, upon which it struts and excites itself, scattering tiles, or tearing up the thatch, as the case may be, for the devastating instinct appears to be very strongly developed in it when opportunity offers. This bird also commits great ravages in cultivated fields. The peacock at times utters deafening cries, which contrast unpleasantly with its dazzling plumage—one wishes for a more harmonious voice with such a magnificent body. At the end of August his beautiful plumage falls off, not to come forth again till the spring. It is said that the peacock

is so ashamed of having lost what was his pride, that he then shuns the sight of man. This is better explained by the fact that the period of moulting is for this, as for all other birds, a period of sickness; they consequently retire into solitude.

Adapted from Figuier's "Insect World."

THE PEACOCK AND THE COCK.

"Only see," said the peacock once to the hen, "how haughtily and insolently the cock struts about, and yet men never say, 'The proud cock,' but always, 'The proud peacock!'"

"That is," said the hen, "because man forgives a well-founded pride. The cock is proud of his watchfulness, of his manliness; but of what art thou proud?—of colours and feathers." *Lessing.*

THE PEACOCK AND THE JACKDAW.

A vain jackdaw decked himself in the fallen feathers of the gaily-dressed peacock, and when he thought himself enough adorned, attached himself boldly to these brilliant birds of Juno. He was recognised, and the peacocks fell quickly upon him, with sharp bills, to tear from him the deceitful finery.

"Stop!" cried he at length, "you have now got all your own again."

But the peacock, who had noticed some of the jackdaw's own bright wing-feathers, replied, "Be silent, poor fool! even these cannot be thine!" and pecked on. *Lessing.*

27.—THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

in-dus-tri-ous

list-ens

an-swer-ed

ad-mir-a-tion

re-pub-lic

want-ing

man-kind

lack

beau-ti-ful-ly

“I assure thee,” said the grasshopper to the nightingale, “that my singing has no lack of admirers.”

“Name them to me,” said the nightingale.

“The industrious reapers,” replied the grasshopper, “listen to me with great pleasure, and thou wilt not deny that in the republic of mankind these are very useful people?”

“That I will not deny,” answered the nightingale; “but I will tell thee why thou must not be proud of their admiration. Worthy people, who have their hands full of their work, must be wanting in all finer feelings. Do not be vain about thy singing until the gentle shepherd, who plays himself beautifully upon the flute, listens to it in silent rapture.”

Lessing.

THE SPARROW.

An old church in which the sparrows had built innumerable nests was restored. When it was finished, and stood there in its new splendour, the sparrows came back to seek their old dwellings; but they found they were all built up. “What,” cried they, “can be the use of this great building now? Come, let us leave this useless heap of stones.”

Lessing.

28.—PALISSY THE POTTER.

PART I.

e-du-ca-tion
en-am-el-ling
fur-nace

el-e-gant
as-cert-ain
fuel

un-con-quer-a-ble
baf-fled
man-u-fact-ure

Bernard Palissy was born in France about the year 1510. His parents were poor people—too poor to give him the benefit of any school education. “I had no other books,” said he afterwards, “than heaven and earth, which are open to all.” He learnt, however, the art of glass-painting, to which he added that of drawing, and afterwards reading and writing. When about eighteen years old, the glass trade becoming decayed, Palissy left his father’s house to seek work. He went into various countries, doing any kind of work which came in his way. Thus passed ten years of his life, after which he married, and ceased from his wanderings. It was the sight of an elegant cup of Italian manufacture which first set Palissy thinking about the art of enamelling earthenware. This sight disturbed his whole existence; and the determination to discover the enamel with which it was glazed, thenceforward possessed him like a passion. Had he been a single man, he might have travelled into Italy in search of the secret; but he was bound to his wife and children, and could not leave them. So he remained by their side,

groping in the dark in the hope of finding out the process.

At first he could merely guess the materials of which the enamel was composed, and he proceeded to try all manner of experiments to ascertain what they really were. He pounded all the substances which he supposed were likely to produce it. Then he bought common earthen pots, broke them into pieces, and spreading his compounds over them, subjected them to the heat of a furnace which he erected for the purpose of baking them. His experiments failed, and the results were broken pots and a waste of fuel, drugs, time, and labour.

For many successive months and years, Palissy pursued his experiments, but never could attain his desire. Though constantly disappointed, he was never defeated, always determining to "begin afresh." So he went on, until at last he had one gleam of success. He had sent more than three hundred pieces of pottery covered with his compounds to a glass furnace to bake, and after a long watch one piece came out—white, polished, beautiful! He ran home with it to his wife, feeling himself, as he expressed it, a "new creature." Then he spent eight months in building with his own hands a glass-house near his dwelling. He got a great store of fuel, and placed in the furnace his vessels of baked clay all carefully covered with the enamel compound. At last the fire was lit, and the operation proceeded. All day he sat by the furnace, feeding it with fuel.

He sat there watching and feeding all through the long night. But the enamel did not melt. The sun rose upon his labours. His wife brought him a portion of the scanty morning meal, for he would not stir from the furnace, into which he continued from time to time to heave more fuel. The second day passed, and still the enamel did not melt. The sun set, and another night passed. The pale, haggard, unshorn, baffled, yet not beaten, Palissy sat by his furnace eagerly looking for the melting of the enamel. A third day passed—a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth; yes, for six long days and nights did the unconquerable Palissy watch and toil, fighting against hope, and still the enamel would not melt. Then he was afraid there was some defect in the materials he had used; so he set to work to pound and compound a fresh mixture for a new experiment, and in a few weeks was ready. But his pots were all spoilt, and he had no money. He borrowed sufficient from a friend to enable him to buy more fuel and more pots, and was again ready for another experiment; the pots were covered with the new compound, placed in the furnace, and the fire lighted.

PART II.

It was the last and most desperate experiment of the whole. The fire blazed up; the heat became intense; but still the enamel would not melt. The fuel began to run short! How was he to keep

up the fire? There were the garden palings; these would burn. They must be sacrificed rather than that the great experiment should fail. The garden palings were pulled up and cast into the furnace. They were burnt in vain! The enamel had not yet melted. Ten minutes more heat might do it. Fuel must be had at whatever cost. There remained the household furniture and shelving. A crashing noise was heard in the house, and amidst the screams of his wife and children, who now feared Palissy's reason was giving way, the tables were seized, broken up, and heaved into the furnace. The enamel had not melted yet! There remained the shelving. Another noise of the wrenching of timber was heard within the house, and the shelves were torn down and hurled after the furniture into the fire. Wife and children then rushed from the house, and went frantically through the town, calling out that poor Palissy had gone mad, and was breaking up his very furniture for firewood!

For an entire month his shirt had not been off his back, and he was utterly worn out—wasted with toil, anxiety, watching, and want of food. He was in debt, and seemed on the verge of ruin. But he had at length mastered the secret, for the last great burst of heat had melted the enamel. The common brown household jars, when taken out of the furnace after it had become cool, were found covered with a white glaze! For this he could endure reproach, contumely, and scorn, and wait patiently for the opportunity of putting

his discovery into practice as better days came round.

His troubles did not end here. His great difficulty was to maintain himself and his family until his wares were made, and ready for sale, and to do this he endured great hardships. Palissy next erected an improved furnace, but he was so unfortunate as to build part of the inside with flints. When it was heated, these flints cracked and burst, and the fragments were scattered over the pieces of pottery, sticking to them. Though the enamel came out right, the work was irretrievably spoilt, and thus six months' more labour was lost. Persons were found willing to buy the articles at a low price, notwithstanding the injury they had sustained; but Palissy would not sell them, considering that to have done so would be but to "decry and abase his honour;" and so he broke in pieces the entire batch. "Nevertheless," said he, "hope continued to inspire me, and I held on manfully. Sometimes, when visitors called, I entertained them with pleasantries, while I was really sad at heart. . . . Worst of all the sufferings I had to endure were the mockeries and persecutions of those of my own household, who were so unreasonable as to expect me to execute work without the means of doing so. For years my furnaces were without any covering or protection, and while attending to them, I have been for nights at the mercy of the wind and rain, without help or consolation, save, it might be, the wailing of cats on one side, and the

howling of dogs on the other. Sometimes the tempest would beat so furiously against the furnaces that I was compelled to leave them, and seek shelter within doors. Drenched by rain, and in no better plight than if I had been dragged through mire, I have gone to lie down at midnight, or at daybreak, stumbling into the house without a light, and reeling from one side to another as if I had been drunken, but really weary with watching, and filled with sorrow at the loss of my labour after such long toiling. But alas! my home proved no refuge; for, drenched and besmeared as I was, I found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which makes me even now marvel that I was not utterly consumed by my many sorrows." It was not till eight years after this, during which time he had borne great misery, that he perfected his invention. He gradually learnt dexterity and certainty of result by experience, gathering practical knowledge out of many failures. Every mishap was a fresh lesson to him, teaching him something new about the materials he worked with. At last, after sixteen years' labour, Palissy took heart, and called himself the Potter. These sixteen years had been the term of his apprenticeship to the art, during which he had wholly to teach himself, beginning at the beginning. He was now able to sell his wares, and thereby maintain his family. But he never rested satisfied with what he had accomplished. He proceeded from one step of

improvement to another, always aiming at the greatest perfection possible. He studied natural objects for his patterns, and with such success, that the great Buffon spoke of him as "so great a naturalist as nature only can produce." His ornamental pieces are now regarded as rare gems in the cabinets of collectors, and sell at almost fabulous prices. The ornaments on them are for the most part accurate models from life of wild animals, lizards, and plants found in the fields, and arranged so as to form ornaments for plates or vases. A very small plate made by Palissy sold lately in London for £162.

Adapted from Smiles' "Self-Help."

29.—SCOTCH MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

tra-vers-ed
prim-ev-al

bar-ren-ness
ran-dom

pre-cip-ice
rav-ine

Awhile their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said—
"St Mary! what a scene is here!
I've traversed many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led
Thus, many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Climbed many a crag, crossed many a moor,
But, by my halidome,

A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happed to roam."

No marvel thus the monarch spoke,
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dead lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of that outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here, above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree nor shrub, nor plant nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken;
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone;
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet due,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumbered track ;
For, from the mountain hoar,
Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er ;
And some, chance-poised and balanced lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise ;
In nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone,
On its precarious base.

The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountain's lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare ;
And round the skirts their mantle furled
Or on the sable waters curled,
Or on the eddying breezes whirled,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down :
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whitened with foam, a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

Sir W. Scott.

30.—ANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

stud-ded
reg-i-ment
e-con-o-my

land-scape
chirp-ing
ruf-fi-an

di-a-me-ter
cir-cuit
en-er-gy

This part of the country abounds in ant-hills. In the open parts they are studded over the surface exactly as haycocks are in harvest, rather disfiguring the landscape. In the woods they are as large as round haystacks, forty or fifty feet in diameter at the base, and at least twenty feet high. These are more fertile than the rest of the land.

Walking down to the forest, I observed many regiments of black soldier-ants returning from their marauding expeditions. These I have often noticed before in different parts of the country. They are black, with a slight tinge of grey, about half an inch in length, and on the line of march appear three or four abreast. When disturbed, they utter a hissing, or chirping sound. They follow a few leaders, never carry anything, and they seem to be guided by a scent left on the path by the leaders; for happening once to throw the water from my basin behind a bush where I was dressing, it lighted on the path by which a regiment had passed before I began my toilet, and when they returned they were totally at a loss to find the way home, though they continued searching for it nearly half an hour. It was *found* only by one making a long circuit round

the wetted spot. The scent may have indicated also the propriety of their going in one direction only. If a handful of earth is thrown on the path at the middle of the regiment, either on its way home or abroad, those behind it are completely at a loss as to their further progress. Whatever it may be that guides them, they seem only to know that they are not to return, for they come up to the handful of earth, but will not cross it, though not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round, and regain their path, but never think of retreating to the nest, or to the place where they have been stealing. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one may make a circuit of a foot round the earth, and soon all follow in that roundabout way. When on their way to attack the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of great perturbation. The black leaders, distinguished from the rest by their greater size, then seize the white ants one by one, and inflict a sting which seems to render them insensible, but not dead, and only able to move one or two front legs. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them, and carry them off.

On first observing these marauding insects, I had the idea that they seized the white ants in order to make them slaves; but having rescued a number of captives, I placed them aside, and found that they never recovered from the state of insensibility into which they had been thrown by

the leaders. In addition to this, if any one examines the opening by which the black ant enters his barracks, he will always find a little heap of hard heads and legs of the white ants, showing that these black ruffians are a grade lower than slave-dealers, being actually cannibals.

Without these black soldier-ants the country would be overrun by the white ants, they are so extremely prolific, and nothing can exceed the energy with which they work. They perform a most important part in the economy of nature, by burying vegetable matter as quickly beneath the soil as the ferocious red ant does animal substances. The white ants keep generally out of sight, and work under galleries constructed by night to screen them from the observation of birds. At some given signal, however, I never could ascertain what, they rush out by hundreds, and the sound of their mandibles cutting grass into lengths may be heard like a gentle wind murmuring through the leaves of the trees. They drag these pieces to the doors of their abodes, and after some hours' toil, leave off work, and many of the bits of grass may be seen collected round the orifice. They continue out of sight for perhaps a month, but they are never idle. On one occasion a good bundle of grass was laid down for my bed, on a spot quite smooth and destitute of plants. The ants at once sounded the call to a good supply of grass. I heard them incessantly nibbling and carrying away all that *night*; and they continued all next day (Sunday),

and all that night too, with unabated energy. They had thus been thirty-six hours at it, and seemed as fresh as ever. In some situations, if we remained all day, they devoured the grass beneath my mat, and would have eaten that too, had we not laid down more grass. At some of their operations they beat time in a curious manner. Hundreds of them are engaged in building a large tube, and they wish to beat it smooth. At a signal, they all give three or four energetic beats on the plaster in unison. It produces a sound like the dropping of rain off a bush when touched. These insects are the chief agents employed in forming a fertile soil. But for their labours, the tropical forests, bad as they are now with fallen leaves, would be a thousand times worse. They would be impassable on account of the heaps of dead vegetation lying on the surface.

Livingstone.

31.—HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

un-a-ware
re-cap-ture

chaf-finch
dow-er

or-chard
mel-on

1.

Oh to be in England!

Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England

Sees some morning unaware
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

2.

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows,
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters to the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
edge—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

R. Browning.

32.—THE GORILLA.

av-er-age
pro-min-ent
re-ted-ing

wrin-kle-d
ca-nine
i-vo-ry

phy-si-og-no-my
des-ti-tute
de-li-ca-cies

The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches. His brain-case is low and narrow, and the top of the head is perfectly flat. Add to this a deep lead-coloured skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw, with the canine teeth (in the males) of a huge size, a receding chin, and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most for-

bidding type of human physiognomy. The neck is short, the head pokes forward. The relative proportions of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are of more ungainly aspect than in any other of the brute kind. Long, shapeless arms, a wide, thick hand, the palm long and the fingers short, swollen, and gouty-looking; capacious chest, broad shoulders, legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very muscular, yet short; a hand-like foot, with a thumb to it "of huge dimensions and portentous power of grasp." No wonder the lion skulks before this monster, and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity, and strength. The teeth indicate a vegetable diet, but the repast is sometimes varied with eggs, or a brood of young birds. The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant seems to be, not that it ever intentionally injures *him*, but merely that it shares his taste for certain favourite fruits. And when, from his watch-tower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and striking its sensitive trunk a violent blow with the club with which he is almost always armed, drives off the startled giant.

Towards the negroes the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred; he attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks approach unconsciously within range of a tree haunted by one of these wood demons, swinging rapidly to the lower branches, he clutches with his thumb

foot at the nearest of them ; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on end, and the skin above the eyes, drawn rapidly up and down, gives him a fiendish scowl. Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover they are near a gorilla by the sudden, mysterious disappearance of one of their companions. The brute, angling for him with his horrible foot dropped from a tree, whilst his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind-hand, seizes the hapless wretch by the throat, draws him up into the boughs, and as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down a strangled corpse.

A tree is the gorilla's sleeping-place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. If surprised as he waddles along leaning on his club, instantly he betakes himself to all fours, and makes his way rapidly to the nearest tree. In that place of safety he awaits his foe, should the latter be hardy, or foolhardy enough, to pursue. No full-grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant-hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a live gorilla. "If you gave me the weight of yonder hill in gold, I would not do it," he said.

Nevertheless, he has his good qualities—in a domestic point of view ; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over his young family with affectionate care, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity.

At the close of the rice harvest, the period when the gorillas approach nearest to the abodes of man, a family group may sometimes be observed, the parents sitting on a branch, leaning against the trunk, as they munch their fruit, while the young innocents sport around, leaping and swinging from branch to branch, with hoots, or harsh cries of boisterous mirth. The gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with palm leaves or long grass. By day he sits on a bough. The natives of the West of Africa, where he is chiefly found, have a very low opinion of his intelligence. They say that during the rainy season he builds a house without a roof, and that he will come down and warm himself at the fires left by them in their hunting expeditions, but has not the wit to throw on more wood, out of the surrounding abundance, to keep it burning.

Adapted from "All the Year Round."

33.—AUTUMN.

shroud
crawl-ing

sep-ul-chre
knell-ing

ar-ray
liz-ard

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is
wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying,

And the year
On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves
dead,

Is lying.

Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array ;
Follow the bier,
Of the dead, cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the night worm is
crawling,

The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year ;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards
each gone

To his dwelling ;
Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and grey ;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

P. B. Shelley.

34.—THE GOOD MAN OF BALLENGIECH.

ex-pos-tu-la-tions	in-sol-ent-ly	be-ha-vi-our
ven-i-son	sen-tin-el	no-bil-i-ty
feast-ing	li-quor	in-ter-cept-ed

James V. of Scotland had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. On these occasions he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the good man (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer were killed, and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnprior, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company was rather short of victuals, though they had had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it, and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was king in Scotland, he (Buchanan) was king in Kippen, that being the name

of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the good man of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the good man of Ballengiech, who said he was come to feast with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and going into the castle, feasted on his own venison, which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number

of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose, that the gipsies were forced to fly. The husbandman then took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood off his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked on the way; the king asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified, and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the king in turn who *he* was, and James answered as usual, that he was the good man of Ballengiech, a poor man, who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and at least give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a gate of the palace, inquired for the good man of Ballengiech. The

king had given orders that he should be admitted, and John found his friend, the good man, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he would like to see the king, to which John replied that nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The good man of Ballengiech of course undertook that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" "Easily," replied his companion, "all the others will be uncovered, the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet." So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility, and the officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told you that you would know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked round the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Brae-head, which he had so much wished to possess, on condition John Howieson or his successors should

be ready to present a ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands when his Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

Sir W. Scott.

35.—THE ASSES.

un-rea-son-a-ble

u-ni-ver-sal

bur-dens

re-quest

com-plain-ed

mer-ci-less

pos-si-bil-ity

treat-ed

man-kind

The asses complained to Jupiter that mankind really treated them too badly. "Our strong backs," said they, "bear their burdens, under which they and other weak animals would fall. And yet they wish, by merciless blows, to force us to a speed which our burdens would make quite impossible to us if even nature had not denied it to us. Forbid them, O Jupiter, to be so unreasonable, if it is possible to forbid men to do anything bad. We are willing to serve them, as it appears that thou hast created us for that purpose; but we do not like to be beaten without a cause."

"My poor animals!" said Jupiter to their speaker, "your request is not unreasonable, but I

see no possibility of convincing men that your natural slowness is not laziness, and so long as they believe this, you will be beaten. But I think I can lighten your hard lot. From this time forth you shall have a want of feeling; your skin shall harden itself against blows, and tire out the arm of him that beats you." "Jupiter," said the asses, "thou art always wise and gracious!" They went joyfully from his throne, as from the seat of universal love.

Lessing.

36.—A BOOK.

con-tra-dic-tion
com-pass

en-light-en
tat-ters

mon-arch
deck-ed

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old;

I'm often in tatters, and oft decked in gold;
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound;

I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave, and I'm gay, I am heavy and light;
In form, too, I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin;

I've more points than the compass, more stops
than the flute;

I sing without voice; without speaking, confute;

I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm
 Dutch ;
 Some love me too fondly, some slight me too
 much ;
 I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages ,
 And no monarch alive has so many pages.

Hannah More.

37.—UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

(September 3, 1802.)

gar-ment
 glit-ter-ing

a-sleep
 beau-ti-ful-ly

glid-eth
 splen-dour

Earth hath not anything to show more fair ;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning , silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. Wordsworth.

38.—REGULUS (B.C. 249).

mur-mur-ed	de-cis-ive	am-bass-a-dor
dis-af-fec-tion	dis-cour-age-d	sen-at-or
de-ject-ed	per-se-vere	plead-ing

The first wars that the Romans engaged in beyond the bounds of Italy were with the Carthaginians, about their possession in Sicily; this war lasted eight years, when it was resolved to send an army to fight the Carthaginians on their own shores. Manlius and Regulus were sent in charge of the army and fleet. On the way, there was a great sea-fight with the Carthaginian fleet, and this was the first battle the Romans ever gained. It made the way to Africa free; but the soldiers, who had never been so far from home before, murmured, for they expected to meet not only human enemies, but monstrous serpents, lions, elephants, asses with horns, and dog-headed monsters, to have a scorching sun overhead, and a noisome marsh under their feet. However, Regulus put a stop to all murmurs by making it known that any disaffection would be punished by death, and the army landed in Africa, and plundered the country round. Orders here came from Rome that Manlius should return thither, but that Regulus should remain to carry on the war. This was a great grief to him. He was a very poor man, with nothing of his own but a little farm of seven acres, and the person whom he had employed to cultivate it had died in his absence.

A kind labourer had undertaken the care of it, but had been unfaithful, and had run away with his tools and his cattle ; so that he was afraid that unless he could return quickly, his wife and children would starve. However, the senate engaged to provide for his family, and he remained. The country was very rich and plentiful, and the Romans did cruel damage to it : they boasted of having sacked three hundred villages, and mercy was not yet known to them. The Carthaginians sent to offer terms of peace, but Regulus refused it, and they were at last driven to extremity. They sent in their distress to their soldiers in Greece, and among these came a Spartan, who at once took the command, and led the army out to battle with a long line of elephants ranged in front of them. The Romans had not yet learnt the best mode of fighting with elephants, namely, to leave lanes in their columns, where these beasts might advance harmlessly, instead of which the ranks were thrust and trampled down by the creature's bulk, and they suffered a terrible defeat. Regulus himself was seized by the horsemen, and dragged into Carthage, where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night.

Regulus was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness ; but during his captivity the Romans gained ground, and at last such a decisive battle was won by them, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace.

They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace, nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself, for his word than his life.

Worn and dejected, he came to the outside of the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarian's slave, and the senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls." When they came outside, he said, "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners." Then he turned to go away with the ambassadors, but his old friends made him stay and give his opinion as a senator.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would only be to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. He insisted also that no exchange of prisoners should take place, because the Carthaginian generals who were in the hands of the Romans were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again.

It was wonderful even to Romans to hear a

man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priest came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action. Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return; it is my duty to go. Let the gods take care of the rest."

The senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept, and entreated in vain that they would detain him, they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain. But nothing could prevail with him to break his word; he turned back to the chains and death he expected as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was 249 years before Christ.

Adapted from "A Book of Golden Deeds."

39.—GENOA.

se-dan	ves-tib-ules	ob-tru-sive
lan-thorn	ed-i-fice	moul-der-ing
per-spect-ive	vault-ed	vo-lup-tu-ous

The great majority of the streets in Genoa are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well, or

breathing-place. The houses are immensely high, painted in all sorts of colours, and in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repair. They are commonly let off in floors or flats, like the houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh, or many houses in Paris. There are few street doors. The entrance-halls are, for the most part, looked on as public property. As it is impossible for coaches to penetrate into these streets, there are sedan chairs, gilded and otherwise, for hire in divers places. A great many private chairs are also kept amongst the nobility and gentry, and at night these are trotted to and fro in all directions, preceded by bearers of great lanthorns made of linen stretched upon a frame.

When shall I forget the streets of palaces—the Strada Nuova, and the Strada Balbi—or how the former looked one summer day, when I first saw it underneath the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies, which its narrow perspective of immense mansions reduced to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below?

The endless details of these rich palaces, the walls of some of them within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke—the great heavy stone balconies, one above another, and tier above tier, with here and there, one larger than the rest towering high up—a huge marble platform, the doorless vestibules, massively barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary,

dreaming, echoing, vaulted chambers, among which the eye wanders again, again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another—the terrace gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange trees, and blushing oleander in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street—the painted walls mouldering and blotting and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in beautiful colours and voluptuous designs when the walls are dry—the faded figures on the outside of the houses, holding wreaths and crowns, and flying upward and downward, and standing in niches, and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere by contrast with some fresh little cupids. The steep, steep, uphill streets of small palaces, with marble terraces looking into close byways—the magnificent and innumerable churches, and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome smells, and swarming with half-naked children, and whole worlds of dirty people—make up altogether such a scene of wonder, so lively, and yet so dead, so noisy, and yet so quiet, so obtrusive, and yet so shy and lowering, so wide awake, and yet so fast asleep, that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him.

C. Dickens.

40.—THE FOX AND THE CAT.

thirst-ing
mor-al

re-gale
a-ghast

pul-let
rey-nard

The fox and the cat, as they travelled one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way;
“ ’Tis great,” said the fox, “ to make Justice our
guide ! ”

“ How godlike is mercy ! ” Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a wolf from the
wood,

Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rushed forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

“ In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton ’s at hand,” said the wolf, “ I must
eat.”

Grimalkin ’s astonished ! the fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

“ What a wretch ! ” says the cat. “ ’Tis the vilest
of brutes ;

Does he feed upon flesh when there ’s herbage and
roots ? ”

Cries the fox, “ While our oaks give us acorns so
good,

What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood ! ”

Well, onward they marched, and they moralised
still,

Till they came where some poultry picked chaff by
a mill.

Sly Reynard surveyed them with gluttonous eyes,
 And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize.
 A mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to
 stray,

The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A spider, that sat in her web on the wall,
 Perceived the poor creatures, and pitied their fall;
 She cried, "Of such murders, how guiltless am
 I!"

So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

J. Cunningham.

41.—THE FAIRIES' GIFTS.

cra-dle
 ti-ni-est

dom-ain
 sharp-ness

re-ceive
 gnat

By the cradle of a young prince, who afterwards became one of the greatest rulers his country had ever had, stood two beneficent fairies.

"I give to this, my darling," said one of them, "the sharp-sighted glance of the eagle, from whom, in his wide domain, not even the tiniest gnat remains concealed."

"Thy gift is a very good one," interrupted the second fairy. "The prince will be a far-seeing, intelligent king. But the eagle does not only possess the sharpness of sight which enables him to see the smallest gnat; he possesses also a noble contempt for chasing them, and this shall the young prince receive from me as my gift."

Lessing.

42.—THE TEA PLANT.

nav-i-ga-tion
re-fer-a-ble
leg-is-la-tion

fer-ment-a-tion
fo-li-age
char-coal

spen-ta-ne-ous
bam-boo
at-tain

The tea plant is an evergreen shrub which attains in a state of nature a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet, but under cultivation seldom exceeds five or six feet in height, owing to the removal of its foliage by the cultivator. All the numerous varieties of tea known in commerce are referable to one or other of the two grand divisions of green and black tea. Both are most undoubtedly produced by the same plant, the difference in their colour resulting simply from a difference in their mode of preparation,

The preparation of green tea may be described in general terms as follows:—The leaves are gathered from the shrub, and placed in bamboo baskets; they are then put into shallow iron pans, placed over charcoal fires, and stirred continually and briskly, the rising steam being fanned away. After this they are removed from the pans, and while still flaccid with the contained moisture, are placed before the twistors on a table made of split bamboo, and therefore presenting ridges. The twistors roll them over with their hands until twisted. The leaves are then spread out, and exposed to the action of the air, and afterwards returned to the drying-pans, exposed there to additional heat, and kept continually stirred until the drying is complete, when they are picked, sifted, sorted, and so prepared for

packing. Black tea is prepared in the same manner, with this difference, that the fresh leaves, as soon as collected, are thrown together into heaps, and allowed to lie until a slight degree of fermentation ensues, or a spontaneous heating similar to that which takes place in a damp hay-stack. This partial fermentation of the tea leaves darkens their colour. All the black teas are grown in Fokien, a hilly and prosperous district about 200 miles to the north-east of Canton. The green teas are raised in the district of Kianguan, about 750 miles from the same city.

Owing to certain peculiarities in Chinese legislation, landed property is much subdivided, so that the tea is generally cultivated in small gardens or plantations, the leaves being picked by the family of the cultivator. The first gathering takes place in early spring in the month of April; pekoe and hyson are made from this crop. Pekoe gets its name from *pekow*, "white hairs," in allusion to the down on the young spring leaves; the name of hyson comes from a word meaning, "before the rains," when that kind of tea is gathered. April is scarcely over before the air becomes heavy with damp, rain falls, and this, combined with the warmth of the atmosphere, causes the tea shrubs soon to put forth, in the month of May, the leaves of the second crop. A third gathering is made about the middle of June, and a fourth in August. The leaves of the first gathering are the most valuable, and from these the finest imperial and hyson, with pekoe, and similar qualities of black

teas are prepared. The leaves of the last crop are large and old, and consequently make preparations very inferior in flavour and value.

During the harvest season, when the weather is dry, the Chinese may be seen in little family groups on every hill-side, engaged in gathering the tea leaves. They strip off the leaves with astonishing rapidity, and throw them into small round baskets made for this purpose out of split bamboo. These baskets, when filled, are emptied into larger ones, and immediately conveyed to market, where a class of Chinese make it a business to collect them in large quantities, and partly manufacture them, drying them under a shed.

A second class, known as the tea merchants, purchase the tea in this half-prepared state, and complete the manufacture, employing in the operation women and children. The tea merchants begin to arrive in Canton about the middle of October, and the busy season continues until the beginning of March, being briskest in November, December, and January. The tea is brought to Canton either by land carriage, or by inland navigation. The roads are too bad to admit of beasts of burden attached to wheel vehicles, so that the land carriage is usually effected by porters.

In China tea is the common beverage of the people, being sold in the public-houses in every town, and along the public roads, like beer in England. It is quite common for travellers on foot to lay down their load, refresh themselves with a cup of warm tea, and then proceed on their

journey. A Chinaman never drinks cold water, which he abhors, and considers unholy; tea is his favourite drink from morning to night, not mixed with milk or sugar, but the essence of the herb itself drawn out with pure water. The Chinese Empire could hardly exist were it deprived of the tea plant, so habituated are they to its use.

The Japanese usually make tea by reducing the leaves to powder, and then pouring boiling water on them.

The Chinese colour with Prussian blue the teas which they ship for the foreign market. Only a little of this dye is employed, so that its use is not productive of evil results. Still the tea would be better without it. The Chinese never dye the teas they retain for their own use. The green teas of commerce are too often only black teas coloured with Prussian blue. Nevertheless, very little adulteration of tea is practised by the Chinese. A few leaves of plants growing in China are found occasionally amongst the tea leaves, but not to any great extent. The leaves of such British plants as the beech, elm, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and sloe, are far more abundant, proving that the tea is adulterated after it has arrived in this country. The adulteration is easily detected by comparing the leaves from the tea-pot with the genuine tea leaf.

Tea was first brought to Europe by the Dutch in 1610, and they had for a long time the monopoly of the trade. But the British East India Company entering the field as a competitor, soon obtained a fair share of the business. The sole

object of the company was to provide tea for the English market: of this they had the exclusive monopoly until 1834, when the British Government passed an Act which threw open the tea trade to all disposed to engage in this important branch of commerce.

Yeats' "Natural History of Commerce."

43.—A FAREWELL.

fair-est
for-ev-er

les-son
dream

no-ble
clever

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

44.—MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

tal-ent
bid-ding

there-with
lodge-d

re-turn-ing
con-sid-er

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 “Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
 I fondly ask.—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
 Either man’s work or His own gifts: who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest:—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

John Milton.

45.—THE NOBLE NATURE.

grow-ing
 stand-ing

pro-por-tions
 per-fect

hun-dred
 fair-er

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.
Ben Jonson.

46.—THE BATTLE OF CRECY.

PART I.

mar-shal

con-sta-ble

scoun-drel

bat-tal-i-on

e-quip-ped

ves-pers

e-min-ence

se-cret-aries

her-ald

The English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose boldly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the prince was the first to do so; his archers were placed in the front, with the men-at-arms in the rear. The Earls of Southampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist the prince if necessary.

You must know that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France, did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the King of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle in the name of God and Saint Denis."

There were about fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their cross-bows. They told the constable that they were not in fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon hearing this, said,

"This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder, and a very terrible eclipse of the sun, and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English at their backs. When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their cross-bows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their cross-bows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men at arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The King of France seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me these scoundrels! for they stop up our road without any reason." You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-

at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before. Some of their arrows fell among the horsemen who were sumptuously equipped, and killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornishmen and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many, at which the King of England was afterwards very angry.

PART II.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, as did the Earl of Flanders in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a long time. The King of France was eager to march to the place where he saw the banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards, had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms, upon which the second battalion came to his aid; and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed.

The first division seeing the danger they were

in, sent a knight in great haste to the King of England, who was posted on an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for if their numbers increase, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," replied the knight; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned to his lords, and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

The Earls of Alençon and Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners, but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires that were attending on, or accompanying them. The Earl of Blois, nephew to the King of France,

and the Duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with their troops, made a gallant defence; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the King of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault then said to the king, "Sir, retreat while you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply; if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror." After he had said this, he took the bridle of the king's horse, and led him off by force, for he had before entreated him to retire. The king rode on till he came to the Castle of La Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark. The king ordered the governor of it to be summoned. He came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour?

The king answered, "Open, open, governor; it is the fortune of France." The governor, hearing the king's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge. The king and his company entered the castle; but he had with him only five barons.

This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field guarding their position, and defending themselves against all who attacked them.

When on this Saturday night they heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out to particular lords, or their banners, they

looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten. They made great fires, and lighted torches, because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then came down from his post, and, with his whole battalion, advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his armour, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance; you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day; you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all honour to the king, his father. The English during the night made frequent thanksgiving to the Lord for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the king had forbidden all riot or noise.

The next day he sent lords and heralds to examine the arms* of the dead, and two secretaries to write their names. They made a very careful report, and said they had found eighty banners, the bodies of eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men.

Adapted from Froissart's "Chronicles."

* In those days knights, or persons of note, wore over their armour a surcoat, with some device painted upon it, by which they were easily known. This was necessary, as their faces were covered by their armour.

47.—COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.

im-pos-si-bil-i-ties

ad-mi-ral

for-eign-ers

cham-ber-lain

court-e-ous

court-iers

ex-cel-len-cy

guid-ance

ap-pro-ba-tion

At a feast which Cardinal Mendoza gave to Admiral Columbus, he made a great speech in praise of the discovery which Columbus had made, and called it the greatest victory ever gained by the human mind. The courtiers who were present took it very much amiss that a foreigner, and besides that, a man who was not even of noble origin, should receive such marks of distinction. "It seems to me," said one of the royal chamberlains, "that the way to the so-called New World was not so very hard to find—the sea is everywhere open, and no Spanish seaman would have missed the way."

The whole company showed its approbation of this speech by courteous smiles, and several voices said, "Oh, any of us could have managed to do that!"

"I am very far," replied Columbus, "from taking to myself the credit of what I can only ascribe to the gracious guidance of Heaven. Still, there are many things in the world which it seems to us very easy to do, but only after we have seen some one else do them first. If I might venture," said Columbus, turning to the Chamberlain, "I would ask your Excellency to place this egg" (he

had made one of the servants give him a hen's egg) "upon its end, so that it will not fall."

The Chamberlain tried to make the egg stand steadily, first upon one end, and then upon the other, but all in vain. His neighbour tried also, but with as little success. And now the others pressed around, and tried their utmost; but neither by doing it with great care, nor yet by keeping very quiet, could they achieve this feat of skill. "It is impossible!" cried the nobles; "you are asking impossibilities." "And yet," said Columbus, "these gentlemen are sure to say directly, 'Any of us can do that.''" He took the egg, and, with a gentle blow, put it down on the table, so that it stood firmly up on the broken-in part of the shell. "Yes, indeed, any of us can do that!" cried the nobles.

48.—THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

cloud-y
up-braid

di-al
cheat-ed

en-liv-en-ing
re-gu-lat-ed

It happened on a cloudy morn,
A self-conceited clock, in scorn,

A dial thus bespoke—

"My learned friend! if in thy power,
Tell me exactly what's the hour?

I am upon the strike."

The modest dial thus replied—

"That point I cannot now decide,
The sun is in the shade;

My information's drawn from him,
I wait till his enlivening beam
Shall be again displayed."

"Wait for him, then," returned the clock,
"I am not a dependent block,
His counsel to implore;
One winding serves me for a week,
And hearken! how the truth I speak—
Ding, ding, ding, ding,—just four!"

While thus the boaster was deriding,
And magisterially deciding,
A sunbeam, clear and strong,
Showed on the line three-quarters more;
And that the clock, in striking four,
Had told his story wrong.

On this the dial calmly said
(More prompt to advise than to upbraid)—
"Friend, go, be regulated!
Thou answer'st without hesitation,
But he who trusts thy calculation
Will frequently be cheated.

"Observe my practice, shun pretence;
Not confidence, but evidence,
An answer meet supplies;
Blush not to say, 'I cannot tell,'
Not speaking much, but speaking well,
Denotes the truly wise."

De la Motte.

49.—PRESERVATION OF MEAT.

com-mer-ci-al
car-goes
can-is-ter

earn-est
re-gion
trop-ic-al

sci-en-tif-ic
arc-tic
con-vex

How to meet the growing demand for butcher's-meat consequent on an increase of population and a decrease of stock, arising in a great measure from pasture lands being brought under tillage, is a question of grave importance in relation to the commercial prosperity of this and other countries, and calls for the earnest attention of legislators and scientific men. Though the stock of sheep and cattle raised in England is large, and that of cattle in England, in Ireland, and Scotland, is a source of wealth to those three countries, yet enormous quantities of meat are imported. When we turn our attention to Australia and the Argentine States, we find the flesh of cattle and sheep sacrificed for other parts of the animal; and he who shall devise a method by which these meats can be economically imported into this country will be hailed as one of the greatest public benefactors of the age. The importation of the living animals seems out of the question, notwithstanding the arrival of one or two cargoes; and as the jerked or sun-dried beef, though brought in at low rates from Monte Video, &c., has not found favour, there only remains the discovery of a process by which the meat can be preserved in a fresh state a

sufficient length of time to admit of its transportation from regions so distant.

This art of preserving meat is one of modern times, and differs entirely from the old and common methods by means of salt, saltpetre, sugar, &c. These substances, when in solution, do not absorb oxygen, and therefore they prevent decomposition. The history of the art of preserving meat in a fresh state is associated with the earliest arctic explorations. Scientific observers found that scorbutic diseases, arising from living exclusively on salt meat, were fearfully aggravated by extreme cold; the Admiralty, therefore, offered inducements to merchants to devise plans for preserving unsalted meat, cooked, or in a raw state, thus doing away with the use of salt meat altogether. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of this subject, as is evident from the fact that preserved provisions, cooked or raw, are an absolute preventive of sea scurvy.

M. Appert, a French gentleman, was the first to succeed in the attempt to preserve unsalted or fresh meat. His plan, as adopted and improved by others, is as follows:—Tin canisters are substituted for the glass vessels, and the meat (previously parboiled) is placed in them, with a rich gravy or soup. The lids, which are pierced with a small hole, are then soldered down air-tight, and the canisters immersed in a bath of brine or chloride of calcium, heated to boiling-point. On the steam issuing from the hole in the canister-lid, it is suddenly condensed by the application of a cold,

wet rag, and a drop of molten solder being dexterously applied to the hole at the same moment, the case becomes hermetically sealed. On cooling, the ends of the canisters are slightly concave, from atmospheric pressure, if the process has been successful; but if the ends have flattened, or become convex instead of concave, then either the case has not been properly soldered, and is not airtight, or the meat has decomposed and liberated gases.

As soon as this modification of Appert's process was made practically perfect, it was tested by order of the Admiralty, and ships were sent by them to the Arctic regions with an abundant supply of these meat canisters. The officers in command reported favourably of the whole. Their value in cold climates having been thus proved, the experiment was tried with equal success by vessels trading in the tropical regions.

Yeats.

50.—ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

oc-cur-rence	an-noy-ance	an-ni-hil-at-ed
dream-i-ness	chlo-ro-form	car-niv-ora
witch-craft	par-ox-ysm	crunch-ing

The Bakátla of the village Mabetsa were much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night, and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so

unusual an occurrence, that the people believed that they were bewitched—"given," as they said, "into the power of the lions by a neighbouring tribe." They went once to attack the animals; but being rather a cowardly people, compared to Bechuanas in general on such occasions, they returned without killing any.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint, and leave that part of the country. So the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike the men, and they allowed these beasts to burst through also. If the Bakátla had acted according

to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out.

Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" They cried out, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, "Stop a little, till I load again."

When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly, close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any

mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe, and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take the charm from him, the Bakátla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

Livingstone's "Africa."

51.—TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

mourn-ing
sal-va-tion

pur-chase
ut-ter-most

mo-ment-a-ry
at-tend-ed

Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest!
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign!

Charles Wesley.

52.—ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS
IN A.D. 79.

e-rup-tion
im-me-di-ate-ly
bag-gage

un-us-u-al
dis-cern-ible
suf-fo-cat-ed

dis-tinct-ly
ter-ri-fied
dif-fic-ul-ty

The first eruption of Mount Vesuvius of which
we have any record took place very nearly

eighteen hundred years ago. No doubt there had been others before this, but the volcano had then been in a state of perfect repose for such a very long time, that all memory of them had been lost. One hundred and fifty years before the eruption I am going to tell you about, vines were growing on the top of the mountain, and cattle pasturing on it, and no one had the least knowledge of its real character; and when the dreadful outbreak came, they at first had no idea the mountain had anything to do with it.

The only account we have of it which was written at the time is given in two letters from Pliny the younger to a friend, relating the death of his uncle. Pliny the elder lived at Misenum, about twenty miles from Vesuvius by land. But you may as well hear the letter:—"My uncle was at that time, with the fleet under his command, at Misenum. On the 24th August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual shape and size. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He immediately arose, and went out upon a hill from whence he might more distinctly view this very unusual appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure *than* by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it

shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as if it was more or less mixed with earth and cinders. This extraordinary sight excited my uncle's curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready. As he was passing out of the house, he received letters. The sailors at Retina, terrified at the imminent peril (for the place lay beneath the mountain, and there was no retreat but by ship), entreated his help in this extremity. He accordingly ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of helping, not only Retina, but many other places, for the population is thick on that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he was able to make his observations on that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock. They were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and blocked up all the shore.

At this sight, Pliny was much inclined to return home, but decided to go to a friend's house at Stabiae, a town ten miles from Vesuvius. He had already sent his baggage on board; for although he was not at that time in actual

danger, yet being in view of it, and extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. Pomponianus, his friend, embraced him, and they both tried to keep up their spirits.

“In the meantime the eruption got much worse, and it being now night, looked much more dreadful; but still Pliny went to bed. However, as the court which led to his room was now nearly filled with stones and ashes, they thought they must waken him, or he would never make his way out.

“My uncle got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent shocks, or to fly to the open fields, where the stones and cinders yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two.

“They accordingly went, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night, which was, however, in some degree dissipated by torches. They thought proper to go down further upon

the shore, to see if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still ran extremely high and boisterous. Then my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, drove away the rest of the company, and obliged him to get up. He raised himself up by the help of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I believe, by some poisonous and hurtful vapour, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing.

“As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this unhappy accident, his body was found, without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same position as when he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.”

53.—A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD.

mourn-ful-ly
nois-y

joy-ous
for-get-ting

fu-ner-al
ex-ult-ing

We walked within the churchyard bounds,
My little boy and I—
He laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

“My child, it is not well,” I said,
“Among the graves to shout;

To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play—
A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they.

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more;
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Even in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground,
But the same vault of azure love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that space would pass
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And formed from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy, with its eye of gold,
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone ;
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a grey headstone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth,

If our true wisdom were to mourn
And linger with the dead—
To muse, as wisest thoughts forlorn,
Of worm, and earthy bed.

Oh no ; the glory earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won,
If we but judge aright.

A triumph won o'er sin and death ;
From these the Saviour saves ;
And like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

Archbishop Trench.

54.—THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS IN 1872.

PART I.

a-larm-ing
peaks
scorch-ing

trif-ling
cra-ter
threat-en-ed

ac-cus-tom-ed
know-ledge
vi-o-lence

Mount Vesuvius is about six or seven miles from Naples, and when it is in a state of repose, does not look a very alarming neighbour. It is a high mountain with two peaks, and from one of them, which is rather flat at the top, you may always see smoke rising. This is what is called the "crater." Seen from below, the smoke looks a mere trifling puff, and as it often remains in the same state for months and years together, the people living all around are quite accustomed to it; and though they know that this quiet-looking mountain sometimes bursts forth in flame and fury, this knowledge does not deter them from building houses at its foot and on its sides, buying land, sowing corn, and planting vineyards, although, of course, a very few hours' eruption might destroy all their property. When it is in a state of eruption, streams of lava pour forth from the opening at the top, or crater, and cover up all their land, burying their houses, corn, and vineyards under a fiery deluge. Lava, is melted rock in a state of red heat. It cools and hardens in time, and when quite hard, you may again build on the top of it, but never again plant vineyards, or reap corn. Torre del

Greco, is a village at the foot of Vesuvius. Its present inhabitants have the foundations of their houses on the roofs of those of their forefathers', and their own roofs may hereafter become the foundations of their children's or grandchildren's dwellings; but they live there, preferring it to all other places, and the district below Vesuvius is the most thickly populated part of all Italy. You may go from Naples to Pompeii, a distance of thirteen miles, and never once get away from houses.

At the end of April 1872, there was a great eruption. It had been expected for some time, for pillars of fire had been seen rising from the cone, loud explosions had been heard, and shocks of earthquakes felt; but when it got worse, and the fire rose higher, and the explosions hardly ever ceased, and streams of lava rushed out and made their way down the mountain, every one was in terror, and the people living under Vesuvius, who saw the lava coming in their direction, did their best to escape to Naples, or elsewhere. All night and all day, they hurried away, carrying their little children, or helping their poor old fathers and mothers who were too infirm, and too much terrified, to help themselves, driving their cows or goats with them, or dragging their beds, or some favourite piece of furniture. Some of these unfortunate people never got away, for they were either overtaken by the lava, or shut in by two different streams of it and burnt, or scalded to death by the boiling water thrown up from the crater. Imagine a deep, fiery stream

rushing down the sides of the mountain, burning and burying all it touched, and poisoning and heating the air on all sides, so that neither man, nor beast, nor tree could live, and you will know what these poor creatures had to fear.

PART II.

One night, before the eruption got to the worst, a party of gentlemen went half way up the mountain, to a place which they believed safe, the better to see the splendid sight. They were standing watching the red stream of lava flowing north, (the very same stream from which the country people were trying to escape), when they were alarmed by the sound of a rumbling noise which sent them flying, and soon after they heard a sound as of many waters rushing down with great violence. Another crater had opened, and the lava, tumbling headlong down the steepest part of the mountain, threatened to sweep everything and every one before it. This new stream came down like a moving wall of living fire, scorching even those who were at a considerable distance, and lighting up the sky with a dark-red glow. In a short time after, the whole mountain seemed to be on fire, those black spots which marked the divisions between the principal mouths had given way, and one huge mass of flame rose up to the heavens, casting its light on the streams of liquid fire which were rushing downwards. There was a general cry of "Fly—fly!" on all sides, and all

who could escape did so ; but alas ! there were many who could not. During the whole of this night Vesuvius shook violently, and the thunder rolled. So it continued throughout the 26th, and so on the 27th, and night and day the mountain roared just as if a fierce battle was going on, or as if you had a cage of lions shut up in the room with you. At more than twenty miles' distance that savage and ceaseless roar shook the windows, while in Naples the ground trembled beneath the feet. By night, during this time, Vesuvius looked a mass of fire, reflected both in sea and sky ; by day it was almost more frightful, for it could not be seen at all ! It was shut out from sight by thick smoke, while the sky looked black with fog, and showers of cinders and ashes fell on all sides for miles and miles around.

The people in Naples were all feeling their way about, terrified at the complete darkness, the frequent earthquakes, and the noise of the explosions. Their eyes were blinded, and their throats choked with dust. It was the same if they stayed in their houses, nothing would keep the fine dust out. They found it in their beds, in their plates, in their eyes, and in their mouths. Two or three villages, and Massa, a town of nine thousand inhabitants, were almost entirely destroyed by the great stream which rushed down on them from the north-west side of the cone.

55.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S PRECEPTS.

tem-per-ance

in-dus-try

for-bear

dul-ness

de-ceit

tol-er-ate

clean-li-ness

o-mitt-ing

re-sent-ing

1. *Temperance*.—Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

2. *Silence*.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. *Order*.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. *Resolution*.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. *Frugality*.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

6. *Industry*.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

7. *Sincerity*.—Use no deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. *Justice*.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. *Moderation*.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. *Cleanliness*.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. *Tranquillity*.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

56.—NATURE AND HEAVEN.

praise-d
man-sion
shield

cha-ri-ot
gar-lands
o-cean

num-ber-ed
com-pare
an-swer

I praised the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered.”

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

Bishop Heber.

57.—THE VULTURE.

ho-ri-zon

li-cense-d

fer-til-iz-ing

mu-ni-cip-al

ap-par-at-us

be-ne-fic-ent

hem-i-sphere

in-trep-id-ly

grav-ity

In the morning—not at the first blush of dawn, but when the sun already mounts the horizon—and at the very moment when the cocoa-nut tree unfolds its leaves, the vultures, perched in knots of forty or fifty upon its branches, open their brilliant ruby eyes. The toils of the day demand them. In indolent Africa, a hundred villages invoke them; in drowsy America, South of Panama or Caraccas, they, swiftest of cleansers, must sweep out and purify the town before the Spaniard rises, before the potent sun has stirred the carcass, and the mass of corruption into fermentation. If they failed a single day, the country would become a desert.

When it is evening-time in America—when the small vulture, his day's work ended, replaces himself on the cocoa-tree—the minarets of Asia sparkle in the morning's rays—not less punctual than their American brothers, vultures, crows, storks, ibises, set out from their balconies on their various missions: some to the fields, to destroy the insect and the serpent; others, alighting in the streets of Alexandria or Cairo, hasten to accomplish their task of municipal scavengering. Did they but take the briefest holiday, the plague

would soon be the only inhabitant of the country. Thus in the two hemispheres the great work of public health is performed with solemn and wonderful regularity.

It is strange that the more useful they are to us, the more odious we find them; we are unwilling to accept them for what they are, to regard them in their true light, as the beneficent living fire through which nature passes everything that might corrupt the higher life. For this purpose she has provided them with an admirable apparatus, which receives, destroys, transforms, without even rejecting, wearying, or even satisfying itself. Let them devour a hippopotamus, and they are still famished. To the gulls (those vultures of the sea) a whale seems but a reasonable morsel. They will dissect it and clear it away better than the most skilful whalers. As long as aught of it remains they remain; fire at them, and they intrepidly return to it in the mouth of your guns. Nothing dislodges the vulture on the carcass of a hippopotamus. A traveller tells us he shot at one of these birds, which, though mortally wounded, still plucked away scraps of flesh. Was he starving? not he; food was found in his stomach weighing six pounds. This is gluttony rather than ferocity.

These admirable agents of that beneficent chemistry which preserves and balances life here below, labour for us in a thousand places, where we ourselves may never penetrate. We clearly discern their presence and their services in our

towns ; but no one can measure the full extent of their benefits in those deserts where every breath of the winds is death.

Michelet.

58.—THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

ca-ble	wind-ward	ac-clam-a-tion
con-spic-u-ous	frig-ate	mar-ine
mur-der-ous	re-doubt-a-ble	buck-et

About six o'clock on the 21st October 1805, Blackwood went on board the *Victory*. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm. He knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. Villeneuve, their admiral, was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's-length to windward of her second, ahead and astern.

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood "what he should consider as a victory?"

That officer answered, "that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he

thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured."

Nelson replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Nelson's last signal was, "England expects every man to do his duty." It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed.

"Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which made him such a conspicuous mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They spoke of their fears to each other, and wished that some one would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them."

The French admiral beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and

Collingwood each leading his line—and pointing them out to his officers, exclaimed “that such conduct could not fail to be successful.”

Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command watched for the attack with perfect coolness.

Ten minutes before twelve, they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to see if she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson saw their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse of the *Sirius* to go to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that if, by obeying his directions, they could not get into action immediately, they might do whatever they thought best, provided they got quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took Nelson by the hand, saying, “he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes.”

He replied, “God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again.”

Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell. Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, and killed eight of them, on which Nelson desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might

not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot passed between Nelson and Hardy. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other, each thinking the other was wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

At four minutes after twelve, the *Victory* opened her fire on both sides of her deck, and then the master was ordered to put helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower deck-ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never allowed this to be done in his ships; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because there is a risk of setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander now and then be picked off, but which can never decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through,

and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides.

59.—THE DEATH OF NELSON.

e-paul-ette	bad-ge-s	drub-bing
bar-gain-ed	an-chor	per-ceive-d
dis-tin-guish-ed	sur-geon	med-ic-al

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood.

Hardy, his captain, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the

event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly said, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of your ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." Hardy said a word of hope. "Oh no," he replied, "it is impossible; my back is shot through—the surgeon will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was

gone; and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone; I know it—I feel something rising in my breast which tells me so." And upon the surgeon inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied so great, that he wished he were dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!"

1 Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard," and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or

two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead.
 "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed,
 he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy
 then left him for ever. Soon after he breathed
 his last. *Southey's "Life of Nelson."*

60.—HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

stir-rup
post-ern

gal-lop-ed
a-breast

e-cho-ed
sad-dle

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
 undrew;
 "Speed," echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing
 our place;
 I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
 right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the
 bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moon-set at starting; but while we drew
near

Lokeren the cocks crew, and twilight dawned
clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime;

So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every
one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;

We 'll remember at Aix!"—for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble
like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!" and all in a moment
his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the
brim,

And with circles of blood for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let
fall,

Shook off both my jackboots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse, without
fear,

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise
 bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
 ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of
 mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of
 wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent. *R. Browning.*

61.—BRITISH FISHERIES.

o-cean	sta-ple	ce-leb-ri-ty
chan-nel	pil-chard	em-bel-lish
an-cho-vy	mack-er-el	glis-ten

The British seas are wonderfully rich in food produce, and, from our inborn love of the ocean, flourishing fisheries might be looked for; but, relatively to other branches of industry, these have been languidly pursued.

The staple fishery of the United Kingdom is that of herrings, shoals of which, at the season of spawning, crowd the inlets and bays of Great Britain and Ireland. Of the English fishing-stations, Yarmouth possesses the greatest celebrity

for its semi-smoked and salted bloaters, everywhere esteemed. From Yarmouth to the Shetlands fleets of herring-boats ply their nets, every town on the coast being more or less employed in the capture and curing of this important fish. The Scotch herrings are larger and higher dried than those of Yarmouth. The chief fishing-station, probably in the United Kingdom, is Wick, within a few miles of John o' Groat's. Peterhead and Fraserburgh are likewise places of great resort for curing herrings. The Scottish fisheries generally are prosecuted with energy in every firth and loch, as well as in the channels of the northern and western islands. The Irish fisheries, on the other hand, have thriven least. Some of the most considerable are on the Nymph Bank, south of Waterford; but the produce is principally taken to English ports, while salted herrings are obtained from Scotland.

Pilchards, allied to the herring, are taken chiefly during September and October. They are found in all the creeks of Ireland, and off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall. These fisheries fall but little short of the importance of that of Yarmouth; yet while herrings are the frequent frugal meal of the London poor, pilchards are hardly known to them, and are only seen when a few stray catches are used as prize sprats to embellish the fish-monger's silvery heaps. Many thousand hogsheads of pilchards are exported to the Mediterranean, whence we get the closely-related anchovy and sardine, the interchange adding to the variety of

food on both sides. Sprats are found in enormous shoals during the winter months, and are too often wasted for want of a ready market.

Between the Cornish and Yarmouth fishing-grounds mackerel intervene, extending mainly from the Isle of Wight to the Straits of Dover, and assuming during the season a considerable value. From Ireland large supplies of remarkably fine mackerel have lately been received, packed in ice.

Turbot, soles, and other so-called flat-fish, as well as cod, abound on the sand-banks of the North Sea, especially the central Great Dogger Bank. Here fishing-boats are now stationed for weeks together, and the produce of the nets is forwarded to London and elsewhere as fast as swift-sailing cutters, or large screw steamers can carry it. By this means many additional tons of fine fish, especially plaice and haddocks, are obtained for the poorer population of our large towns. There are extensive cod and white-fish fisheries in Scotland. The fishing-grounds round Ireland abound with cod, hake, and ling, but have never yet been satisfactorily worked.

The salmon originates a peculiar fishery, in which again the Scotch are foremost. The rivers Tweed, Tay, Dee, Don, and Spey teem with this noblest of the finny tribes, whose capture is an attraction to anglers from the most distant parts of the kingdom. The Irish rivers glisten with salmon.

Dr Yeats.

62.—TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

er-rand
sledge-s
part-ridge

un-sight-ly
gor-geous
fel-on-y

stealth-i-ly
gris-tle
e-las-tic

The bad state of most Russian roads in spring and autumn, occasions much travelling in winter. The sledges glide with great rapidity over the snow. There is little chance of a breakdown, and travelling, for those who can keep themselves warm, is pleasanter in winter than in summer. The precautions used against the cold are very numerous. Writing-paper wrapped round the skin of the feet under the stockings, is a good footwarmer. Cork soles, covered with flannel inside the boots, are also good things. Wooden shoes are bad, because the feet, remaining long stiffly fixed in them, freeze sooner. If worn at all, they should be stuffed with straw or hay. To grease the feet well with tallow, then to wrap them in a coarse linen cloth, and over that to wear a large pair of felt boots, is no bad protection. The felt boots are good because they do not slip about on the ice. Coachmen tallow their hair and beards. Hay, bound round the stirrups, is useful to horsemen. The best drink in very bad weather is tea with ginger in it; the worst is spirits, which often prove fatal to those who are imprudent enough to drink them. The best food is the good hot soup they make of beef and sour cabbage, or beetroot. Solid food is *dangerous* when travelling.

But in spite of all precautions, the accidents to travellers are very numerous every year. Horses, coachmen, and travellers are sometimes all frozen together. The snowdrift dazes and blinds. The wayfarer sometimes loses all reckoning of his course. A friend of mine rode out in a snow-storm upon a pressing journey. After travelling all day, he found himself in the same place whence he started. Twenty-seven peasants, travelling from one village to another, were all found and brought home, a few hours after their departure, dead and stiff, like wooden men. A servant sent on an errand stopped at a shop, drank a glass of brandy, and was frozen going home a few streets off. There is no end to such stories. It seems a not unpleasant death to be frozen. An hour will do it, and we pass through the golden gates of sleep with bright and gorgeous dreams. Drowsiness is the first dangerous sensation. As long as a limb tingles with pain it is still sound; when the pain ceases, the peril begins. A limb once frozen, even if saved, always feels the least cold afterwards. The persons whose noses or ears are frozen may not be aware of it. Any one who passes by will, therefore, stop them to tell the disagreeable news, and assist in restoring the circulation. This is usually effected by rubbing with snow, a remedy which, if applied in time, prevents all mischief. The freezing of the gristle of the ear is a most unsightly accident.

Horses and dogs resist the cold best. Oxen and cows seem to wither in it. Twelve hundred *

sheep and five shepherds were all lost a few days ago. Sheep caught in a snow-drift, canter wildly before it, and are not to be turned aside. If they meet with water in their passive flight, they rush in, and are drowned. If they meet with a precipice, they tumble over, and are dashed to pieces. They seem to be deprived of all self-management. In the extreme cold, the bustard, the partridge, and the hare may be found frozen; even the fish are said to suffer in the water, and are easily caught, by merely making an opening in the ice, to which they swim at once for air.

It is towards the end of January that we begin to hear grim news of the wolves. It is then that they congregate together in large packs, and grow famished and dangerous. This is the only time of the year, when, driven by extreme hunger, they will venture, even singly, to attack the traveller. All that is fabled of the cunning of the fox is true of the wolf. The fox is quite a simpleton in comparison with him. The wolf will attack a whole flock of sheep, and worry and carry off as many as sixty lambs from it, one after the other, to his lair in a single night. He never stays to eat a single one, lest he should be caught, swollen and lazy after a good dinner, on the scene of his felony. The wolf's mode of attack is simple and noiseless. He seizes the lamb by the throat, and the little victim is dead before he can utter a single baa to call the watchdog. Indeed, the *wolf* is so strong as to be more than a match for *one dog*, and often even for several dogs. He is

more than a match also for one horse, and sometimes for two horses; but not for three, for when there are three horses together, they can keep their heels always towards him, and master wolf fears a horse's kick by experience. He knows that his bones, tough and elastic as they are, may be broken by it. His mode of attacking the horse is to glide up stealthily to a convenient distance, from which he may make a sudden spring, and seize the horse by the nose. If he once gets a firm grip there, he never loses it till the horse falls down from pain and fatigue, and then he becomes an easy prey. In the same way one or two cows have no chance with him; but sometimes a number will keep him off by getting close together, and butting at him with their horns. A man was attacked by wolves near the country-house of a friend of mine. They devoured him so completely, that only a portion of his boots, all torn to ribbons, was left to tell the tale.

The wolf, notwithstanding his prudence and great courage when hungry, is very nervous. He is, like most animals, especially afraid of fire; a lucifer match will daunt him at his fiercest, and a traveller with a good supply of matches need only to light them one after another while in danger to keep off a whole pack. The peasants also make use of his own cunning to deceive him. They tie a long string or rope after their carts; wolf thinks this a trap to catch him, and will not come near, but prowls about at a distance, watching them with red, sleepless eyes. Dogs, horses, and cows

seem to be aware of his approach from a long distance, and are much disturbed by it. His speed is incredible, his strength surprising, his jumps when pursued quite wonderful, and his skin of little worth when taken; so that he has all the conditions necessary for a successful defensive warfare. *From "All the Year Round."*

63.—PIGWIGGEN'S ARMOUR.

ra-pier	chance-d	dan-ger-ous
pre-vail-ing	re-verse-d	helm-et

[Pigwigen, a fairy knight, has defied Oberon, the king of the fairies, and challenged him to combat.]

And quickly arms him for the field,
 A little cockle-shell his shield,
 Which he could very bravely wield,
 Yet could it not be pierced:
 His spear a bent * both stiff and strong,
 And 't was well nigh of two inches long:
 The pile † was of a horse-fly's tongue,
 Whose sharpness nought reversed

And puts him on a coat of mail,
 Which was a fish's scale,
 That when his foe should him assail,
 No point should be prevailing.
 His rapier was a hornet's sting,
 It was a very dangerous thing;
 For if he chanced to hurt the king,
 It would be long in healing.

* *Bent* is a kind of coarse grass.

† *Point*.


His helmet was a beetle's head,
 Most horrible and full of dread,
 That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet it did well become him :
 And for a plume a horse's hair,
 Which, being tossèd by the air,
 Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him.

Himself, he on an earwig set,
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,
 So oft and high he did curvet,
 Ere he himself could settle ;
 He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
 To gallop, and to trot the round,
 He scarce could stand on any ground,
 He was so full of mettle.
Michael Drayton's "Nymphidia."

64.—THE OSTRICH.

dif-fuse-d	an-ti-qui-ty	leg-is-lat-or
rheum-at-ic	mus-cu-lar	grad-u-al-ly
di-gest-ive	cu-lin-a-ry	in-ed-i-ble

There is but one species of the ostrich ; it is sparsely diffused over the interior of Africa, and is rarely found in Asia, except perhaps in Arabia. It generally measures six feet in height, and occasionally attains nine feet ; its weight varies from twenty to a hundred pounds.



The ostrich has been known from the most remote antiquity. It is spoken of in the sacred writings, for Moses forbade the Hebrews to eat of its flesh, as being "unclean food." The Romans, however, far from sharing the views of the Jewish legislator, considered it a great culinary luxury. In the days of the Emperors they were consumed in considerable numbers, and we read that one of the most luxurious of them carried his magnificence so far, as to cause a dish composed of the brains of six hundred ostriches to be served at a feast. In former days it was a favourite dish with the tribes of Northern Africa. At the present date the Arabs content themselves with using its fat as an outward application in certain diseases, especially rheumatic affections.

The natives of Africa call the ostrich "the camel of the desert." There is, in fact, some likeness between them. This resemblance consists in the length of the neck and legs, in the form of the toes, &c. In some of their habits they also resemble each other: the ostrich lies down in the same way as the camel, by first bending the knee, then leaning forward, and letting its hinder-quarters slide down last of all.

The ostrich is very voracious, but its senses of taste and smell are very imperfect. This is the explanation given for its readiness to swallow inedible substances. In its wild state it takes into its stomach large pebbles, to increase its digestive powers; in captivity it gorges bits of wood and metal, pieces of glass, plaster, and

chalk, probably with the same object. Herbage, insects, small reptiles, and even small animals, are the principal food of the wild ostrich ; when it is in a state of domesticity, even young chickens are frequently devoured by it. It endures hunger, and especially thirst, for many days—about the most useful faculty it could possess in the arid and burning deserts which it inhabits ; but it is quite a mistake to suppose it never drinks, for it will travel immense distances in search of water when it has suffered a long deprivation, and will then drink it with evident pleasure.

The muscular power of the ostrich is truly surprising. If matured, it can carry a man on its back, and is readily trained to be mounted like a horse, and to bear a burden. When it first feels the weight of its rider, the ostrich starts at a slow trot ; it, however, soon gets more animated, and stretching out its wings, takes to running with such rapidity, that it seems scarcely to touch the ground. To the wild animals which range the desert it offers a successful resistance by kicking, the force of which is so great, that a blow in the chest is sufficient to cause death.

Man succeeds in capturing the ostrich only by a stratagem. The Arab, on his swiftest courser, would fail to get near it if he did not by his intelligence supply the deficiency in his physical powers. "The legs of an ostrich running at full speed," says Livingstone, the traveller, "can no more be seen than the spokes in the wheel of a

vehicle drawn at a gallop." According to the same author, the ostrich can run about thirty miles in an hour, a speed and endurance much surpassing those of the swiftest horse. The Arabs, well acquainted with these facts, follow them for a day or two at a distance, without pressing too closely, yet sufficiently near to prevent them taking food during the time. When they have thus starved and wearied the birds, they pursue them at full speed, taking advantage of the fact which observation has taught them, that the ostrich never runs in a straight line, but describes a curve of greater or less extent. Availing themselves of this habit, the horsemen gradually get within reach, when, making a final dash, they rush impetuously on the harassed birds, and beat them down with their clubs, avoiding, as much as possible, injuring their feathers, the value of which is the chief inducement for their chase.

The ostrich is a very sociable bird, and may sometimes be seen in the desert in flocks of two or three hundred.

The nest of the ostrich is more than three feet in diameter; it is only a hole dug in the sand, and surrounded by a kind of rampart of the sand which is dug out; a trench is scratched round it outside, to drain off the water. Each hen-bird lays from fifteen to twenty eggs. The eggs weigh from two to three pounds, and are each of them equal in contents to about twenty-five hen's eggs. They *are* of a tolerable flavour, and often a very *seasonable help* to travellers, one of them being more

than sufficient for the breakfast of two or three persons.

It has long been a subject of reproach to the ostrich that she was wanting in affection for her progeny. She was looked on as a striking example of a hard-hearted mother. All these accusations are quite unfounded. She sits on her eggs during the night only, the burning heat of the sun during the day being sufficient to maintain the necessary degree of warmth; but she does not abandon her eggs, neither does she desert her young, although they are well covered at their birth with a thick, warm down, and can from the first run about and provide for their own wants. On the contrary, she keeps them near her until they are almost full-grown, and defends them against every enemy. Mr Cumming came suddenly one day on a dozen young ostriches, no larger than a full-grown grouse. "The mother," he says, "tried all she could to deceive us, just like a wild duck: first she ran away, extending her wings; then she threw herself on the ground, as if she was wounded; whilst the male bird, cunningly enough, conducted the young ones in an opposite direction."

In spite of its great strength, perhaps even on account of it, the ostrich, when unmolested, is the most peaceable creature in the world, and readily becomes domesticated. If captured young, they can be tamed in a very short time. In the district of Sennaar they are reared as we do fowls; they are left to wander about as they choose, and one of them attempting to escape is a thing quite unheard of.

They accompany the herd to pasture, and return again to their home at meal-times. Kindness and caresses are sufficient to attach them to any one, but care must be taken never to strike them. They have but one fault, which arises from their voracity—they are dreadful thieves, and devour everything they can steal. The Arabs, therefore, always look out when they are counting their money, otherwise the ostriches might snatch some of the coin.

In all ages the feathers of the ostrich have been the object of considerable trade: the birds are hunted and reared in a domestic state, not so much for their flesh, grease, or eggs, as for their plumes. Each bird produces about half a pound of white feathers, and three pounds of black are found on the tail and wings. The shells of ostrich eggs, which are very hard, are also made useful; they are made into beautiful cups, which much resemble vases of ivory.

Figuier.

65.—JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD.

earth-en-ware	por-ce-lain	pot-ter-y
ap-pren-tice-ship	chem-ist-ry	sti-mu-lat-ing
e-vent-u-al-ly	par-lia-ment	in-eff-ic-ient

Down to the middle of last century, England was behind most other nations in Europe in respect of skilled industry. Although there were many *potters* in Staffordshire, their productions were of

the rudest kind, for the most part only plain brown ware, with the patterns scratched in while the clay was wet. The principal supply of the better articles of earthenware came from Delft, in Holland, and some from C  logne. Two foreign potters from Nuremberg settled for a time in Staffordshire, and introduced an improved manufacture; but they shortly after removed to Chelsea, where they confined themselves to the manufacture of ornamental pieces. No porcelain capable of resisting a scratch with a hard point had yet been made in England; and for a long time the "white ware" made in Staffordshire was not white, but of a dirty cream-colour.

Such was the condition of the pottery manufacture when Josiah Wedgwood was born at Burslem in 1730. He was the youngest of a family of thirteen children. His grandfather and grand-uncle were both potters, as was also his father, who died when he was a boy, leaving him a fortune of twenty pounds. He had learned to read and write at the village school; but on the death of his father he was taken from it, and set to work in a small pottery carried on by his elder brother. There he began life, his working life, to use his own words, "on the lowest round of the ladder," when only eleven years old.

When he had completed his apprenticeship with his brother, Josiah formed partnership with another workman, and carried on a small business; but he made comparatively little progress until he began business on his own account at

Burslem in the year 1759. There he diligently pursued his calling, introducing new articles to the trade, and gradually extending his business. What he chiefly aimed at was to manufacture cream-coloured ware of a better quality than was then produced in Staffordshire, as regarded shape, colour, glaze, and durability.

To understand the subject thoroughly, he devoted his leisure to the study of chemistry, and he made numerous experiments with the various materials employed. Wedgewood was for some time much troubled by his furnaces, and he only overcame his difficulties by repeated experiments and unfaltering perseverance. His first attempts at making porcelain for table use, were a succession of disastrous failures—the labours of months often being destroyed in a day. It was only after a long series of trials, in the course of which he lost time, money, and labour, that he arrived at the proper sort of glaze to be used; but he would not be denied, and at last he conquered success through patience.

The improvement of pottery became his passion, and was never lost sight of for a moment. Even when he had mastered his difficulties, and become a prosperous man—manufacturing white stoneware and cream-coloured ware in large quantities for home and foreign use—he went forward perfecting his manufactures, until, his example extending in all directions, the action of the entire district was stimulated, and a great branch of British industry was eventually established on

firm foundations. He aimed throughout at the highest excellence, declaring his determination "to give over manufacturing any article, whatsoever it might be, rather than to degrade it." Wedgewood made for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture, of the kind afterwards called "Queen's-ware," and was appointed Royal Potter, a title which he prized more than if he had been made a baron. He found out the sculptor Flaxman when a youth, who made for him a large number of beautiful designs for his pottery and porcelain; and by careful experiments and study he re-discovered the art of painting on porcelain, or earthenware vases, an art which had been lost. The reputation he gained was such that his works at Burslem, and afterwards those at Etruria which he founded and built, became the points of attraction to distinguished visitors from all parts of Europe.

The result of Wedgewood's labours was, that the manufacture of pottery, which he found in the very lowest condition, became one of the staples of England; and instead of importing what we needed for home use from abroad, we became able to send large quantities to other countries, notwithstanding the large duties they were forced to pay for importing articles of British produce. Wedgewood gave evidence as to his manufactures before Parliament thirty years after he began his work, from which it appeared that instead of, as formerly, providing occasional employment to a small num-

ber of inefficient and badly-paid workmen, about 20,000 persons then derived their bread directly from the manufacture of earthenware, without taking into account the increased numbers to which it gave employment in coal-mines, and in the carrying trade by land and sea.

Adapted from Smiles' "Self-Help."

66.—MIDNIGHT.

un-rouse-d
shroud-ed

fal-con
whirl-ed

mas-tiff
twink-ling

Midnight was come, and every vital thing
With sweet, sound sleep their weary limbs did
rest;

The beasts were still, the little birds that sing
Now sweetly slept, beside their mother's breast,
The old and all well shrouded in their nest;
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, and fields, and all things held
their peace.

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with their twinkling
light,

When each thing nestled in his resting-place,
Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night;
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight;
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt;
The partridge dreamed not of the falcon's
foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
 Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear ;
 The stag lay still unrousèd from the brake ;
 The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear ;
 All things were still in desert, bush and brere—
 The quiet hearts now from their travails
 rest,
 Soundly they slept, in most of all their rest.
Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset,
 B. 1536, D. 1608.

67.—AN ADVENTURE OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LEON.

Sar-a-cen	feign-ed	am-bus-cade
squad-ron	de-vice	in-gen-u-ous-ly
fi-del-i-ty	per-ceiv-ing	sur-round-ed

During Richard's stay at Joppa, an adventure befell him which was like to prove very fatal to him, and from which he was delivered by a sort of miracle. One day, being tired with hunting, as he lay asleep under a tree, with only six persons about him, he was roused by the sudden approach of some Saracen horse, who were near the place where he slept. As they were but few in number, he had no dread upon him, but immediately mounting his horse, rode after them, which they perceiving, feigned to fly before them, and by that means drew him into an ambuscade, where he saw himself on a sudden surrounded by a squadron of horse. He defended himself for a

long time with a wonderful bravery, without any thoughts of retreating, notwithstanding the number of his enemies. At length, four of his attendants being slain, he was on the point of being slain, or taken, when William Despreaux, one of his company, cried out in the Saracen language, "I am the King of England!" at which words those that were fighting with Richard left him, to have a share in the taking of Despreaux, whom they imagined to be the king. This device gave Richard time to ride off at full speed, whilst the Saracens, content with their success, conducted their prisoner to Saladin. Despreaux had the prudence not to discover himself till he came before the Sultan, to whom he ingenuously confessed what he had done to save his master. Saladin commended his fidelity, and did him great honour. But as he was very sensible that Richard would never suffer one who had done him so signal a service to remain long a captive, he set his ransom so high that he got ten emirs, or Saracen princes, in exchange for that faithful servant.

Rapin's "History of England."

68.—THE TAMING OF BUCEPHALUS.

af-fa-bil-i-ty
for-feit
met-tle

re-mot-er
strait-en-ed
ap-plause

un-tract-a-ble
teaz-ing
en-ter-tain-ed

While Alexander was yet very young, he entertained the ambassadors from the King of Persia

in the absence of his father, and charmed them with his politeness and affability. But they were particularly pleased with the questions he asked them, which were far from being childish or trifling; for he inquired of them the distances of places, the manner of travelling in the remoter parts of Asia, the character of their king, how he behaved to his enemies, and what forces he could bring into the field; so that they were struck with admiration of him, and looked upon the abilities of Philip, though so highly celebrated, to be nothing in comparison of the extensive genius, and enterprising spirit of his son. Whenever he heard that Philip had taken any town of importance, or won any signal victory, instead of rejoicing at it, he would tell his companions "that his father would anticipate everything, and leave him and them no opportunities of performing great and illustrious actions."

When Philonicus the Thessalian brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents, they went into the field to try him; but they found him so very vicious and unmanageable, that he reared up when they endeavoured to back him, and would not so much as endure the voice of any of Philip's attendants. Philip disliking him, and ordering his servants to lead him away, as altogether wild and untractable, Alexander, who stood by, would not let them, saying, "What an excellent horse do they lose for want of address and boldness to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of what he said; but

when he heard him repeat the same thing, and saw that he was uneasy, he said, "Do you reproach those who are elder than yourself, as if you knew more, and were better able to manage a horse than they?"

"Yes," replied he, "with this horse I could deal better than any one else."

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"The whole price of the horse," said Alexander.

At this the whole company fell a-laughing; but as soon as the agreement was made between them about the money, he immediately ran to the horse, and taking hold of the bridle, turned him directly towards the sun, having, it seems, observed that he was frightened by the motion of his own shadow. Then letting him go forward a little, still keeping the reins in his hand, and stroking him gently, when he found his fury began to abate, he let fall his upper garment softly, and with one nimble leap mounted upon his back; and when he was securely seated, by little and little he straitened the bridle, and curbed him without striking, or teasing him. Afterwards, when he perceived his heat and mettle was less impetuous, though he was still eager to run, he let him go at full speed, not only encouraging him with a commanding voice, but pressing him forward also with his heel. All who were present beheld this action at first with silent astonishment, and apprehension for Alexander's safety; till, seeing him turn at the end of his

career, and come back rejoicing and triumphing for what he had performed, they all burst out into acclamations of applause; and his father, weeping for joy, kissed him as he came down from his horse, and in his transport said, "O my son! seek some kingdom equal to thy worth, for Macedonia is too little for thee."

Plutarch's Lives.

69.—WASTE OF FUEL.

me-tro-po-lis	vol-at-il-i-ty	chal-dron
chim-neys	at-mo-sphere	E-gypt-ian
un-con-sume-d	e-con-o-my	as-cer-tain-ed

The enormous waste of fuel in London may be estimated by the vast dark cloud which continually hangs over this great metropolis, and frequently overshadows the whole country far and wide; for this dense cloud is certainly composed almost entirely of *unconsumed coal*, which, having stolen wings from the innumerable fires of this great city, has escaped by the chimneys, and continues to sail about in the air, till, having lost the heat which gave it volatility, it falls in a dry shower of extremely fine dust to the ground, obscuring the atmosphere in its descent, and frequently changing the brightest day into more than Egyptian darkness. I never view from a distance, as I come into town, *the black cloud* which hangs over London, without wishing to be able to compute

the immense number of chaldrons of coals of which it is composed ; for could this be ascertained, I am persuaded so striking a fact would awaken the curiosity and excite the astonishment of all ranks of the inhabitants, and perhaps turn their minds to an object of economy, to which they have hitherto paid little attention.

Count Rumford's Essays.

70.—THE HOUSEKEEPER.

sanc-tu-a-ry
fur-nit-ure

dom-i-cile
frug-al

up-hols-ter-er
chat-tels

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him, where'er he goes ;
Peeps out—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant ; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter-day ;
Himself he boards and lodges ; both invites,
And feasts himself ; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels ; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Whersoe'er he roam—
Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

Charles Lamb.

71.—GUIDANCE OF THE TONGUE.

lib-er-ty
scab-bard

pris-on-er
an-oth-er

un-spoke-n
de-sire

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner : a word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine ; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

Quarles.

72.—MERCY TO ANIMALS.

pleas-ure
use-ful

creat-ure
de-stroy

harm-less
mer-ci-ful-ly

Take no pleasure in the death of a creature. If it be harmless or useful, destroy it not ; if useless or harmful, destroy it mercifully. He that mercifully made His creatures for thy sake, expects thy mercy upon them for His sake. Mercy turns her back on the unmerciful.

Quarles.

73.—MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

phe-nom-en-a
mi-gra-tion
me-rid-i-an

mag-net-ism
voy-ag-er
my-ri-ad

pre-ma-ture
lat-it-ude
cat-a-ract

The bird seems better to understand than any other living creature the numerous phenomena of heat and magnetism, whose secrets our

senses cannot arrive at. He perceives them in their birth, in their early beginnings, even before they manifest themselves. He possesses, as it were, a kind of physical foreknowledge. Would to Heaven that Napoleon, in September 1811, had taken note of the premature migration of the birds of the north! From the storks and cranes he might have secured the most trustworthy information. In their precocious departure he might have divined the imminency of a severe and terrible winter. They hastened towards the south, and he remained at Moscow.

In the midst of the ocean, the weary bird which reposes for a night on the vessel's mast, recovers its way, nevertheless, without difficulty. So complete is his sympathy with the globe, so exactly does he know the true realm of light, that, on the following morning, he commits himself to the breeze without hesitation; the briefest consultation with himself suffices. He chooses on the immense ocean, uniform, and without other path than the vessel's track, the exact course which will lead him whither he wishes to go. There, not as upon land, exists no local observation, no landmark, no guide; the currents of the atmosphere alone, in sympathy with those of water—perhaps, also, some invisible magnetic currents—pilot this hardy voyager.

How strange a science! Not only does the swallow in Europe know that the insect which fails him there awaits him elsewhere, and go in quest of it, travelling upon the meridian; but in

the same latitude, and under the same climates, the loriote of the United States understands that the cherry is ripe in France, and departs without hesitation to gather his harvest of our fruits.

It would be wrong to believe that these migrations occur in their season, without any definite choice of days or seasons. We ourselves have been able to observe, on the contrary, the exact and lucid decision which regulates them; not an hour too soon or too late.

When living at Nantes, in October 1857, the season being still exceptionally fine, the insects numerous, and the feeding-ground of the swallows plentifully provided, it was our happy chance to catch sight of the sage republic, convoked in one immense and noisy assembly, deliberating on the roof of the Church of St Felix, which looks across the Loire. Why was the meeting held on this particular day, at this hour more than at any other? We did not know; soon afterwards we were able to understand it.

Bright was the morning sky, but the wind blew from La Vendée. My pines bewailed their fate, and from my afflicted cedar issued a low, deep voice of mourning. The ground was strewn with fruit, which we all set to work to gather. Gradually the weather grew cloudy, the sky assumed a dull, leaden grey, the wind sank. It was then, at about four o'clock, that simultaneously arrived from all points—from the wood, from the city, from the river—infinite legions, darkening the day, which settled on the church roof, with a myriad

voices, a myriad cries, debates, discussions. Though ignorant of their language, it was not difficult for us to perceive that they differed among themselves. It may be that the youngest, beguiled by the warm breath of autumn, would fain have lingered longer. But the wiser and more experienced travellers insisted on departure. They prevailed; the black masses, moving all at once like a huge cloud, winged their flight towards the south-east, probably towards Italy. They had scarcely accomplished three hundred leagues (four or five hours' flight) before all the cataracts of heaven were let loose to deluge the earth.

Sheltered in our house, which shook with the furious blast, we admired the wisdom of the winged soothsayers, which had so prudently anticipated the annual epoch of migration. Clearly it was not hunger that had driven them. With a beautiful and still abundant nature around them, they had perceived and seized upon the precise hour, without going too early. The morrow would have been too late. The insects, beaten down by the tempest of rain, would have been undiscoverable; all the life on which they subsisted would have taken refuge in the earth.

Moreover, it is not famine alone, or the fore-warning of famine, that decides the movements of the migrating species. If those birds which live on insects are constrained to depart, those which feed on wild berries might certainly remain. What impels them? Is it the cold? Most of

them could readily endure it. It is the need of light. Even as the plant follows the day and the sun, the bird, with its sensitive eye, grows melancholy in the shortened days and gathering mists of autumn.

Their resolution is truly bold and courageous, when one thinks on the tremendous journey they must achieve, twice every year, over mountains and seas and deserts, under such diverse climates, by variable winds, through many perils, and such tragical adventures.

The French quail will traverse the Mediterranean, will cross the range of Atlas; sweeping over the Sahara, it will plunge into the kingdom of the negro. These, too, it will leave behind; and finally, if it pauses at the Cape, it is because there the infinite Southern ocean commences, which promises it no nearer shelter than the icy wastes of the pole, and the very winter which exiles it from Egypt. *Michelet.*

74.—THE CRAB-TREE.

treas-ure
com-par-i-son

ac-count
mis-er-a-ble

de-spise-d
bor-row-ed

A swarm of bees settled down in the hollow trunk of a crab-tree. They filled it with the treasure of their honey; and the tree became so proud on that account, that it despised all other trees in comparison with itself.

Then a rose-tree called out to it, What miserable pride on account of borrowed sweets! Is thy fruit therefore less bitter? Drive the honey up into it if thou canst, and then mankind will begin to bless thee.

Lessing.

75.—THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

en-chant-ment
as-cend-ing

vis-ion
dwell-ing

vap-our
past-ures

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,

Hangs a thrush that sings loud; it has sung for three years.

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard

In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;

Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,

And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,

Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;

And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven ; but they
 fade,
 The mist and the river; the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not
 rise,
 And the colours have all passed away from her
 eyes.

W. Wordsworth.

76.—THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

PART I.

de-part-ure
 con-di-tions
 prin-cip-al

val-i-ant
 dis-qui-et
 cit-iz-ens

ob-stin-ate
 o-pin-i-on
 par-don-ed

After the departure of the King of France with his army, the people of Calais saw clearly that all hope of help was over. They entreated, therefore, the Lord John de Vienne, their governor, to mount upon the battlements, and make a sign that he wished to speak to the English. The King of England, upon hearing this, sent to him Sir Walter Mauny and Lord Bosset. When they were come near, the governor said to them—"Dear gentlemen, you who are very valiant knights, know that the King of France, whose subjects we are, has sent us hither to defend this town and castle from all harm and damage: this we have done to the best of our power. All hopes of help have now

left us, and if the gallant king, your lord, have not pity upon us, we must perish of hunger. I therefore entreat that you would beg him to let us depart in the state we are in, and that he will be satisfied with having possession of the town and castle, with all that is within them, as he will find therein riches enough to content him."

To this Sir Walter replied, "John, we are not ignorant of what the king our lord's intentions are, for he has told them to us. Know then, that it is not his pleasure you should get off so, for he is resolved that you surrender yourself solely to his will, to allow those whom he pleases to pay ransom, or to put them to death; for the people of Calais have done him so much mischief, and have, by their obstinate defence, cost him so many lives and so much money, that he is mightily enraged." The governor answered, "These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master, as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet; but we will endure much more before we consent that the smallest boy in the town should fare worse than the best. I therefore once more entreat you to return to the King of England and beg of him to have pity upon us."

The two lords returned to the king, and related what had passed. The king said he had no intention of granting their request, but should insist on their surrendering, without making any conditions. Sir Walter said, "My lord, you may be to blame in

this, as you will set a very bad example, for if you order us to defend any of your castles, we shall not obey you so cheerfully if you put these people to death, for we shall know that they will do the same to us if they take us." Many barons who were there said the same thing. Upon which the king replied, "Gentlemen, I am not so obstinate as to hold my opinion alone, against you all. Sir Walter, you will inform the Governor of Calais that the only grace that he must expect from me is, that six of the principal citizens of Calais march out of the town with bare heads and feet, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. These six men shall be treated as I choose—the rest of the people shall be pardoned."

Then Sir Walter went back to the governor and told him all he had been able to gain from the king.

PART II.

Then the governor went to the market-place and caused the bell to be rung, upon which all the inhabitants, men and women, came into the town-hall; and then he told them that he could not obtain any better terms than these, and that they must give a short and immediate answer. This news caused such lamentation and despair, that the hardest heart would have had compassion on them; even the governor himself wept bitterly.

After a short time the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace de St Pierre, rose up

and said, "Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die of famine, and it would be a very good deed in the eyes of our Saviour to try and turn aside such misery. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six." When Eustace had done speaking, they all rose up and almost worshipped him, and many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans. Another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up, and said that he would be second to his companion Eustace; his name was John Daire. After him four others, very rich in lands and merchandise, offered themselves.

Then the governor conducted them to the gate. There was the greatest sorrow and lamentation all over the town. The governor ordered the gate to be opened, and then shut upon him and the six citizens, whom he led to the barriers, and then said to Sir Walter Mauny, who was there waiting for them, "I deliver up to you these six citizens, and I swear to you they were, and are at this day, the most wealthy and respectable citizens of Calais. I beg of you, gentle sir, that you would have the goodness to beseech the king that they may not be put to death." "I will do all in my power to save them," was Sir Walter Mauny's reply; and then the barriers were opened, and the six citizens led towards the tent of the king.

When they were presented to the king, they fell on their knees with uplifted hands, saying,

"Most gallant king, see before you six citizens of Calais, who have been great merchants, and who bring you the keys of the town and castle. We surrender ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have mercy on us." All the barons, knights, and squires, that were assembled there in great numbers, wept at this sight.

The king eyed them with angry looks (for he hated much the people of Calais, for the great losses he had formerly suffered from them at sea), and ordered their heads to be struck off. All present begged the king to be merciful, but he would not listen to them. Then Sir Walter Mauny said, "Ah! gentle king, let me beseech you to restrain your anger; you are renowned for great nobleness of soul, do not therefore lessen it by such an act as this. All the world will say you have acted cruelly if you put to death six men, who, of their own free-will, have given themselves up to your mercy, in order to save their fellow-townsmen." The king said, "Let them speak as they will," and ordered the headsman to be sent for, as the people of Calais had done him much damage, and it was proper they should suffer for it. The Queen of England fell on her knees, and with tears said, "Ah! gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour; now

I most humbly ask as a gift, for the sake of our blessed Lord, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men." The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah! lady, I wish you had been anywhere else but here; you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you, to do as you please with them."

The Queen conducted the six men to her own rooms, and had the ropes taken from round their necks, after which she gave them new clothing, and served them with a plentiful dinner; she then presented each with six pieces of money, and had them taken through the camp in safety.

Adapted from Froissart.

77.—THE TWO DOGS.

de-gen-er-ate
tra-vell-er
prais-ing

span-i-el
quar-rel
stu-pid

con-tin-u-ed
ex-act-ly
in-quire-d

"How degenerate our race is in this country!" said a spaniel which had been a traveller. "In those remote parts of the world which people call India, there are still dogs of the right sort. Dogs, my brothers—you will not believe me, and yet I have seen it with my own eyes—which are not even afraid of a lion, and boldly pick a quarrel with him."

"But," inquired a steady old hound, "do they overcome the lions then?"

“Overcome?” was the reply; “I cannot exactly say that they do that. But still, only think, to attack a lion!”

“Oh!” continued the hound, “if they do not overcome them, then these Indian dogs you are praising so much are not one whit better than we are, but only a very great deal more stupid.”

78.—THE LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

dai-sies
a-zure

grass-y
dur-ance

la-ver-ock
merle

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets of daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea;
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild, with many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
With care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae:
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets among;
 But I, the Queen of all Scotland,
 Must lie in prison strong.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine,
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign
 That ne'er would blink on mine.

Burns.

79.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

pil-grim-age	dis-pen-sa-tion	in-com-pa-ra-ble
re-leas-ing	har-ass-ed	e-lab-or-ate
treas-ur-y	pro-phe-cy	e-rect-ed

Edward the Confessor, during his exile in Normandy, made a vow that he would make a pilgrimage to Rome in honour of St Peter should he be restored to his kingdom. But as his clergy and nobles refused their consent to his going, when he was safely on his throne, a dispensation, releasing the king from his vow, was obtained from the Pope (Leo IX.), on condition that he built a monastery in honour of St Peter. The king then began the restoration of the Westminster of London, in the year 1050 or thereabouts, and the

church was said to have been the first church in the shape of a cross in England.

So desirous was Edward of rendering the abbey almost unique in its attractions, that after building it in the most perfect and splendid manner possible, he endowed it with relics in those days beyond all price. Among these were to be noted: "Part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to Him by the Eastern magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which He blessed; of the seat where He was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where He fasted; of the gaol where He was imprisoned," &c., &c.

This was the first building in the Norman style raised on English ground, and it was only fitting that Edward should have raised in it his own mausoleum, and that he should be buried in the noblest temple yet known in the land. Part of his work still remains. Some massive columns, with the full square capitals roughly chopped into forms preparatory for the sculptor; a window here, a doorway there; but the chief work of his remaining is the chapel, with its wide Norman joints and massive masonry, of which the Government took possession in after days, using it as a kind of treasury. This was the place whence certain thieves, on June 10th, 1303, took one hundred thousand pounds of gold, plate, and jewels, belonging to Edward I., and laid up there by him to be used in the Scotch wars; for which theft the abbot and forty monks were sent to the

Tower on suspicion, and diligent search was made for the missing treasure. Edward I. was not the man to submit quietly to a thing of this kind. He sent writ upon writ to the magistrates of the different burghs, and so harassed and hunted the thieves, that they gave up the game, and surrendered themselves and the treasure.

The cathedral, as we know it, is mostly of Henry III.'s time. Very lovely was the work he did. Exquisite capitals of natural foliage, arch, and column, and base, and especially one rose window, the like of which England had never yet seen; a portal which, from its surpassing richness and majesty, was called by some Solomon's Porch, though the real Solomon's Porch was erected by Richard II.; windows of the richest and most elaborate tracing—trefoils and quatrefoils intermingled in a labyrinth of beauty; and a chapter-house which all the world said was "incomparable," but which now, unhappily, is a mere collection of shelves and drawers for public records, with nearly every beauty hidden.

Edward III. did a great deal to embellish this glorious pile. The outlay of money for work during the first fifteen years would, if translated into our money-value, have considerably exceeded half a million. The abbots, too, gave their money to enrich the building. One built the famous Jerusalem chamber, where Henry IV. died, in accordance with an ancient prophecy which said he would not die, save in Jerusalem.

Henry VII.'s chapel, "that world's miracle,"

as it was called, is filled with tracery and rich ornament. It was wrought by royal masons, under the immediate direction of the king himself. He and the men divided the saints' days between them, each alternate feast belonging to them, and the other to their royal employer: theirs, it is supposed, they kept as a holiday, but on the king's they were made to work. Henry had no half-heart, or niggard hand to this beautiful lady-chapel of his. Nine days only before his death, he gave the Abbot five thousand pounds into his hand, and directed that if that sum should be insufficient to complete the vaulting, his executors should advance the Lord Abbot what sum or sums should be necessary for the finishing of the building. He died on the 22d April 1509, and was buried in the chapel with such pomp and style as England had never seen before.

Adapted from "All the Year Round."

80.—THE GEYSERS.

cel-e-brat-ed	ma-te-ri-al	en-er-get-ic-al-ly
de-pos-it	cra-ter	fierce-ly
ex-plo-sion	cen-tre	emp-ti-ed

The hot springs of Iceland have been for ages celebrated, and some of them have even ranked among the seven wonders of the world. Geysers are very common in Iceland. In the valley of Hawk-dale where the Geyser presides, it is said

above a hundred hot springs are found, but only a few of them are in any way remarkable. Most of them are placed on the slope of a low hill, which rises to the height of about three hundred feet above the valley. Near the bottom of this hill there is a most beautiful cavern, full to the brim with boiling water, which is as clear as crystal, and entirely free from taste or smell. This is the favourite cooking-pot of travellers. It makes admirable tea. This fountain was at one time the chief eruptor; but after an earthquake it ceased to play, and made over the performance to the great Geyser which then began.

The "Great Geyser" has built up for itself a steep mound by the deposit of the flinty material so largely mixed with its waters. On the top of this mound stands the saucer-shaped basin, in the centre of which the crater or pipe opens. The basin is about four feet deep at the edge of the crater, but becomes gradually shallow towards the lip or outside. It measures above seventy feet across, and the pipe is about ten feet across, and is perfectly smooth within, where it has been polished by the constant rush of the boiling water. The basin is always full, except for a short time after an eruption, when it is emptied, and then you can walk in to the edge of the crater, over the hot stone, and look down the pipe at the fiercely-boiling flood, filling gradually up again to its old level. When full, the basin looks very beautiful, from the clearness of the water and the deep-blue colour of the pipe. The

water is always boiling, and large bubbles of air rise to the surface from the unknown regions below.

We witnessed a grand display, after many false alarms. With a slight shaking of the earth, and considerable groaning and sighing, a water column, or rather a sheaf of columns, rose higher and higher out of the basin. These columns partially sank, again and again, but continued at every renewed effort to gain greater height, till, with a final attempt, they reached the height of one hundred feet. This height was only maintained for a few seconds, and down like a telescope, the whole mass sank, the entire time consumed in the display being but seven minutes and a half. The explosion was accompanied by so much steam, that the water column was partly hid. Still it was a very wonderful spectacle. At one time the Geyser is said to have been much more powerful than in our day, and to have risen between three hundred and four hundred feet every six hours; but that was in his hot and fiery youth—he is now old and feeble, and gradually builds up a flinty tomb, which one day will enclose him.

The “Strokr,” or churn, is another hot spring, of such an excitable disposition, that he can be roused to activity by a trick, and made to contribute to the amusement of every passer-by. At a depth of twelve feet from the surface this Geyser, when quiet, pursues his boiling trade with not a little sound and fury; but as his throat is very narrow, it can easily be closed,

and so our friend choked. This mean act is accomplished by throwing in a few shovel-fuls of sod. Naturally enough, he warmly resents such liberties being taken with his windpipe; and thus, no sooner has the guide hurled in the proper dose, than, like a man with quinsy, the Stoker hisses and splutters, gasps and grumbles, till he can no longer contain himself, and up it all comes, boiling water, steam, and earth, in explosion after explosion, till the whole has been got rid of, and his pipe is again clear. After many efforts and much excitement, he appears for a moment to calm; but again, apparently after thinking over it, he cannot bear the recollection, and at it he goes, almost as energetically as ever.

Adapted from "Good Words."

81.—THE STORM.

right-e-ous

throes

bil-low

mand-ate

baf-fled

rag-ing

Fear was within the tossing bark,
 When stormy winds grew loud,
 And waves came rolling high and dark,
 And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill;
 But ONE was there, who rose and said
 To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky ;
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And sank beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
 And silence on the blast,
 As when the righteous fall asleep,
 When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
 And tame the tempest's mood ;
 Oh ! send Thy Spirit forth in power
 O'er our dark souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil,
 So speak to passion's raging tide—
 Speak, and say, " Peace, be still ! "
Felicia Hemans.

82.—A PEEP AT THE NORTHUMBER- LAND COAL-MINES.

cal-cu-la-ted
 con-sist-ing
 coal-field

in-flam-ma-ble
 al-ter-nat-ing
 sur-face

in-ter-vene
 im-port-ant
 en-vel-o-pe

Of all the coal-fields in England, Northumber-
 land and Durham coal-field is the most important.
 It extends as far north as the river Coquet, and

as far south as the Tees. For the most part it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east, while on the west it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata "dip" or descend towards the east, and crop out or ascend towards the west. At one point a particular seam, called the High Main, lies at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots the same seam rises nearly to the surface. Throughout the greater part of the coal-field the various beds of coal amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St Paul's Cathedral. All these seams of coal have different names, and are known from one another by the colliers. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main. They are each about six feet in thickness; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. It is calculated the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet.

To those deep-lying coals we must ask the reader to pay a visit. First, then, how to descend. Many collieries have baskets, or large iron tubs, in which the men are lowered. The ropes employed in this work are evidently important features in the arrangement. Some collieries *use a round rope*, from five to six inches in cir-

cumference; others a flat one, four or five inches wide, and formed of three or four strands, or smaller ropes, plaited side by side; in a few instances chains are employed. Some of these ropes are of immense length, owing to the depth of the pits. The deepest, we believe, in England, is the Monkwearmouth pit: its depth is 292 fathoms, or 1752 feet. Two ropes for this pit weigh about 12,000 lbs., and cost £500.

Arrived at the bottom of the pit, what do we see? Nothing, or nothing but darkness visible: all vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before we become accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men. Each one appears as a mere spark, a point of light in the midst of intense darkness, for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene; and men are seen to be moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem enough to break the back of an ordinary workman; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of those horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day: they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

A coal-mine is not simply a pit with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction to a great distance. Those pas-

sages are cut in a "seam" of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal. If the whole of a seam of coal were worked away at once, the cavity left would be so large that the earthen roof, failing of support, would fall, burying all beneath it. There are portions left, therefore, called "pillars," to support the roof; and the self-interest of the coal-owner leads him to limit the size of these pillars as much as is consistent with safety. Passages lead between and around and among these pillars; and iron tramways are laid along the passages, to make it easy to move the tubs of coal from the workings to the shaft.

With regard to working the coal, the pitmen are obliged to adopt different methods according to the thickness of the seam. In ordinary cases the hewer cuts with his pick a horizontal line at the bottom of the seam, to an extent of twelve or eighteen inches in front of him, and to this extent the coal is severed from the ground beneath. He then makes a few cuts upwards, to isolate the coal into huge blocks, which still adhere at the back and top to the general mass. The driving in of a few wedges, or the application of gun-powder as a blast, soon brings down these blocks, in a more or less broken state.

The seams of coal, and the apertures where such seams have been, often give out gases which, when mixed with common air, become very explosive. Hence, it is important to drive these gases out of the mine as quickly as possible, and

this can only be effected by sending a constant current of air through the working. A complete system, as now adopted at the best collieries, comprises the *downcast-shaft*, for the descent of fresh air; the *upcast-shaft*, for the ascent of vitiated air; well-planned galleries, doors, and valves throughout the whole of the mine; and a furnace at the bottom of the upcast-shaft to heat the ascending air, and make it ascend more rapidly. In some collieries the air is made to traverse an extent of thirty miles of galleries and passages. In former times, the dangerous contaminated passages were lighted only by sparks struck from a small instrument called a "steel mill," but the beautiful safety-lamp, or "Davy," as the miners familiarly term it, has superseded this. In this lamp there is a lamp-flame surrounded by a wire-gauze having very fine meshes, through which the air must pass to feed the flame; if the air be inflammable, the flame is confined within the gauze envelope. If the lamp be properly tended, it is one of the most precious boons that science ever gave to industry; if it be neglected, as it often is by the miners, those explosions take place which so frequently give rise to such fearful results.

The *hewer* is the actual coal-digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough to stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed.

The *putter* drags the coal from the working to

the passages, where horses are able to be employed in the work. The crane-man manages the crane by which the great baskets of coal are transferred to the waggons. The *viewer* is the officer who is responsible for the work, and so on; for as the reader has here means of observing, the colliers are not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit to seek their coaly fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic; every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he is to do.

"The Land we Live in."

83.—NATURE'S PLANTING.

pro-gen-i-tor	ma-hog-a-ny	dis-per-sion
sy-ca-more	fur-nish-ed	dan-de-lion
in-cess-ant	mig-non-ette	bal-sam

The means employed by Nature, the great planter, to effect the dispersion of seeds, and by which the young plants are separated and sent out into the world from their seed-cup homes, are as various and curious as the forms of the seed-cups themselves. "So soon as the seed is ripe," Gerard quaintly remarks, "Nature taketh several methods for its being duly sown." For first, the seeds of many plants which like a particular soil or situation are heavy and small *enough*, without further care, to fall down directly

into the ground. But if they are so large and light as to be exposed to the wind, they are often furnished with one or more hooks to stay them from straying too far from their proper place. On the contrary, many seeds are furnished with wings or feathers, partly with the help of the wind 'to carry them when ripe off the plant, as of ash, sycamore, maple, mahogany, and trumpet-flower, and partly to enable them to make good their flight more or less abroad, so that they may not, by falling together, come up too thick, and that if one should miss a good soil or bed, another may hit. So the kernels of the pine have wings, yet short, whereby they fly, not into the air, but only flutter upon the ground. But those of the dandelion, and most of the thistle kind, have long, numerous feathers, by which they are wafted every way.

Other seeds are scattered, not by flying about, but by being spurted, or darted away by the plant itself. The wood-sorrel has its seed-vessel constructed in such a way, that when dry it bursts open, and in a moment is violently turned inside out. When oats are ripe, the grains are thrown from the flower-cup with a crackling noise, which may be heard in passing near an oat-field on a fine day. If the touch-me-not balsam is touched, it instantly fires a discharge of seeds at the intruder. Spencer Thomson, in his book on "Wild Flowers," says many must have remarked this fact about various seeds themselves, when, under the heat of a July

o

sun, their wanderings have led them through some

Path with tangling furze o'errun,
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,

and they have wondered what could be the meaning of the incessant crack, crack, which seems momentarily to occur on every side, as if some fairy-folk were firing off little guns to celebrate the fine weather. At last the eye detects one of the black pods of the broom in the very act of firing; in one moment each pod-valve has twisted itself into a spiral, and sent its seeds flying all around.

Nature has several other methods of planting. The screw-like appendages of the crane's seeds assist them to roll into some chink in the earth, and then screw them into it. The poppy has little pores at the summit of the seed-cup; and the pimpernel splits off a little lid, and discloses its well-hoarded treasury, while the cross-flowers, like the wall-flower, quietly lift up their sides to let the seeds fall. The willow herb opens elegantly at the top to let its beautifully arranged and winged germs take flight. The ivy-leaved toad-flax carefully buries its seed. The mignonette seed escapes easily by the little bell in which it is contained, opening and permitting it to fall as soon as perfected.

Nature has ensured the preservation of many vegetable species by the truly astonishing number of seeds she produces. It has been calculated that *there are about thirty thousand seeds in every*

single head of poppy, and if all were to come up, the whole of our globe would, in a few years, be covered with poppies. One of our native thistles would, by the second year of its growth, if all its seeds were to take root, be the progenitor of about five hundred and eighty millions of thistles. The majestic Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria*) bears on every tree from twenty to thirty fruits, and each fruit contains about three hundred kernels. In some parts of the country where these grow, when left to themselves, these trees form immense forests, extending north and south for eight hundred miles. The tobacco has been known to produce on one plant three hundred and sixty thousand seeds; and the annual produce of a single stalk of spleenwort has been estimated at a million.

"All the Year Round."

84.—ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

way-ward
mel-o-dy

treach-er-ous
blith-est

furl-ed
blaz-on ry

"Oh! tell me, harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the deserts of Glencoe,
Where none may hear their melody?
Say, harpest thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer dancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

“No, not to these, for they have rest ;
The mist-wreath hath the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
 Abode of lone security ;
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep nor mountains grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
 Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

“Their flags were furled, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
 In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
 To tend her kindly housewifery.

“The hand that mingled in the meal
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
 Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly heart which warmed that band,
At midnight armed it with the brand,
And bade destruction's flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.

“Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
 Respite from ruthless butchery.

The winter wind that whistles shrill,
 The snows that night that choked the hill,
 Though wild and pitiless, had still
 Far more than Southron's clemency.

' Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
 Few are its strings, and faint its tone,
 They can but sound in deserts lone
 Their grey-haired master's misery.
 Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
 Each chord should imprecations fling,
 Till startled Scotland loud should ring—
 'Revenge from blood and treachery!''"
Scott.

85.—THE OAK AND THE PIG.

fat-ten-ed
 lof-ty

a-corn
 nour-ish-est

grunt-ed
 de-vour-ed

A greedy pig fattened itself under a lofty oak-tree with the acorns which fell from it. Whilst it was eating one, it devoured another with its eyes.

"Unthankful animal!" cried the oak-tree down to it at length. "Thou nourishest thyself with my fruit, without ever having the grace to cast one look of gratitude upwards to me."

The pig was silent for a moment, then it grunted its answer, "Thou shouldst certainly not go without grateful looks from me, if I only could be sure that thou hadst dropped thy acorns down here for my sake."

86.—GEORGE STEPHENSON.

pas-sen-gers
ob-serv-ant
car-eer

mo-del-ling
gi-gan-tic
ob-scure

pul-leys
en-gin-eer
al-pha-bet

When we see a railway-train drawn by a locomotive at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and carrying as many as five hundred passengers, how little are we apt to think that this marvel of science and art is due mainly to two men, who, in the outset of their career, occupied an obscure position—James Watt and George Stephenson. . . . George Stephenson had a very humble beginning. His father, Robert Stephenson, lived in a colliery village on the banks of the Tyne, and was a fireman to the engine which pumped water from the pit. He had six children, of whom George was the second. He was born in 1781. When he was eight years old he was put to work to help the family, and his work was herding a few cows, for which light employment he received twopence a day. He was a very active, observant, little boy, very fond of trying to make water-mills of reeds and straws, and modelling little steam-engines with clay. He examined every mechanical contrivance that came in his way, and made all kinds of things with no other help than an old knife. From being a herd-boy, he was promoted to lead horses when ploughing, hoe turnips, and do other farm-work, by which he now earned fourpence a day; but his great desire was to be employed

about a colliery, so as to be among the bustle of wheels, gins, and pulleys.

Accordingly, quitting farm-work, he got engaged to drive a gin-horse, and now his wages were three shillings a week; and so it went on until he gradually did a little more work and earned a little more money. But he had never yet learned his letters. When at last his wages rose to twelve shillings and threepence a week, he said, and thought he was "a made man" for life. His occupation was attending to the furnace of one of those gigantic steam-engines which pumped water from a coal-pit. While at this occupation, he gained a character for steadiness. The world is always groping about for steady men, and sometimes it is not easy getting hold of them. George was rigorously sober, and was never so happy as when at work. He was so fond of his engine, that he was never tired of looking at it, as it worked with regularity the enormous pumps. He kept it in such excellent order, that there was little for him to do. It worked by itself, and required only a look now and then.

By way of filling up his time, he began to model little steam-engines in clay. While so engaged, he was told of engines of a form and character he had never seen. They were not within reach, but were described in books. Alas! George, though now eighteen years of age, did not know his alphabet. He soon saw if he wished to do anything to raise himself, he must learn to read. He found a poor teacher, who agreed to give him

lessons at night for threepence a week, which he willingly paid. When he was nineteen years old, he was so far advanced as to be able to write his own name. Afterwards, in the winter of 1799, he went to an evening-school; and that was all the education in the way of schooling he ever got.

In 1810 he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. A badly-made engine would not do its work: one engineer after another tried to set it to rights, and failed; and at last in despair they were glad to let George try his hand, though, with all his reputation for cleverness, they did not expect him to succeed. To their astonishment he was perfectly successful. He took the engine thoroughly to pieces, re-arranged it skilfully, and set it to work in the most effectual manner. Besides receiving a present of £10 for this useful service, he was placed on the footing of a regular engineer. He still went on with his night studies, and was always perfectly steady. For some time he worked in this way, constantly suggesting improvements in machinery, or in the mode of applying it. One of these enabled the Company to reduce the number of horses they employed from one hundred to fifteen or sixteen.

But the thing which occupied him the most was the effort to improve the locomotive. There had been railways of a rude kind in England ever since the beginning of the eighteenth century. The rails were first of wood, then the wood was shod with slips of iron, and lastly they were altogether *of iron*. These old railways, better known by the

name of tramways, were made to carry coals from the pits, the carriages being deep wooden waggons pulled by horses. The credit of inventing a carriage moved by steam is due to Richard Trevithick, a Cornish tin-miner. He made a steam carriage to run on rails in 1802, and exhibited it in London. Then he improved on this, and completed a locomotive to draw coal on a railway in South Wales. It did its work well, drawing waggons with ten tons of iron at the rate of five miles an hour; but it was an ill-constructed machine, and having got out of order, it was deserted by its inventor, and no more was heard of locomotives for some years. Next came another invention, which helped the colliers to draw as many as thirty loaded waggons at a speed of three and a quarter miles an hour. What long kept invention in this backward state was the erroneous idea, that unless the locomotives had wheels with cogs, to pull against the cogs in the railway, it would slip, and not get forward. After a variety of experiments, George Stephenson was satisfied that he might safely dismiss the cogs. Then by sending the waste steam into the chimney he increased the draught, and doubled the power of the engine. He never ceased making fresh trials to perfect the machine, but it was only step by step that both the rails and the engine were brought into a comparatively perfect state.

Already a manufactory of engines had been set up in Newcastle, in which George Stephenson was a partner; and from this establishment three

engines were ordered by a new railway company, the Stockton and Darlington, which proposed to employ steam to carry passengers and goods. The opening of this, the first public railway, took place on the 27th September 1825, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. A local newspaper records the event as follows:—"The signal being given, the engine started off with an immense train of carriages, and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be four hundred and fifty, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to nearly ninety tons. The engine, with its load, arrived at Darlington, a distance of eight and three-quarter miles, in sixty-five minutes." This success, great though it then seemed, did not prevent George Stephenson trying to do better still, and his labour was abundantly repaid.

In 1830 another railway was opened between Liverpool and Manchester, when a steam-engine, named the *Rocket*, which had been constructed by "George Stephenson & Son," gave its first public performance, running a mile in less than two minutes.

Adapted from "Chambers' Miscellany."

87.—EARLY HISTORY OF BATH.

pe-ti-tion
med-i-cine
dis-temp-er

ban-ish-ed
ab-lu-tion
is-su-ed

su-da-to-ry
per-ceiv-ing
as-ton-ish-ment

According to the most approved accounts of the origin of Bath, Bladud, son of the British King Hudibras, was so unfortunate in his youth as to contract a leprous disease; and as in those times they were not quite so humane as they are now, he was, on the petition of the nobles, banished from his father's court, lest the loathsome affliction should spread to themselves. The queen, however, presented him with a ring, as a token by which she should know him again, in case he should ever return cured.

The prince departed, and after wandering for some time in exile, hired himself to a swineherd, whom he found feeding his pigs not far from the site of the future city. The royal swineherd was so unfortunate, however, as to infect his charge with his own disease; and fearing that the fact would become known to his master, he separated from him, and drove his pigs towards the vast forests which at that time crowned the Lansdown and Beacon hills. The swine, however, taught by nature to medicine their own distempers, made straight for the spot whence issued the hot springs, and here wallowed in the marsh caused by its overflowing waters. This kindly ablution soon cured them of their disease, which Bladud per-

ceiving, he applied the same remedy, with the like good effect, to his own person.

Thus cured, he appeared again before the old herdsman, his master, informed him of the miraculous cure which had been performed upon himself and pigs, and added further to his astonishment by proclaiming that he was a king's son. To convince him of this fact, he led him to his father's court, and seizing an opportunity when the king and queen banqueted in public, he dropped into the royal goblet the ring which his mother had given him. As the queen drank, she perceived at the bottom the glittering token, and thus became aware of the presence of her son. Bladud afterwards succeeded to the throne, and rewarded his old master by granting him a handsome estate near the hot springs.

It seems very doubtful whether the hot springs of Bath were made use of by the Britons; and in all probability no settlement existed here until that made by the Romans under the Emperor Claudius, who conquered and took possession of the neighbouring country about half a century before the birth of Christ. As Roman Bath lay entirely in the valley, such a situation must have been chosen by that people for other than military purposes; and there can be no reasonable doubt, addicted as they were to the use of the warm bath, that the hot springs were the chief attraction of the spot. These they collected, and erected over them buildings which even the Bath of the *present day* cannot rival. An excavation that was

made in 1755 near the abbey, exposed to view a series of Roman baths of the most perfect and magnificent description. The following account of them, given in the "History of Somersetshire," will show how far beyond us they were in the construction of such buildings :—

"The walls of those baths were eight feet in height, built of wrought stone, lined with a strong cement; one of them was of a semicircular form, fifteen feet in diameter, with a stone seat round it eighteen inches high, and floored with very smooth flag-stones. The descent into it was by seven steps, and a small channel for conveying the water ran along the bottom, turning at a right angle towards the present king's bath. At a small distance from this was a very large oblong bath, having on three sides a colonnade surrounded with small pilasters, which were probably intended to support the roof. On one side of this bath were two sudatories, nearly square, the floors of which were composed of brick, covered with a strong coat of cement, and supported by pillars of brick, each brick being nine inches square, and two inches in thickness. The pillars were four feet and a half high, and set about fourteen inches asunder, composing a vault for the purpose of retaining the heat necessary for the rooms above. The interior walls of the apartment were set round with tubulated bricks or panels about eighteen inches long, with a small orifice opening inwards, by which the stream of heat was communicated to the apartments. The fireplace from which the heat was conveyed

was composed of a small conical arch at a little distance from the outward wall; and on each side of it, adjoining to the above-mentioned rooms, were two other small sudatories of a circular shape, with several small square baths, and a variety of apartments. These sumptuous buildings were upwards of two hundred and forty feet in length, and one hundred and twenty in breadth."

Once these baths must have witnessed a thousand diversified scenes, as they were the great places of resort of the Roman people. The poet here recited his last composition, and the athletes amused the luxurious bather with a thousand feats of strength; and the song and the loud laugh caught the ear of many an old warrior as he anointed himself luxuriously with the precious ointments then in use; and little did the busy crowd beneath its portico imagine that a few centuries would bury it deep in the earth, and that the conquering people who were to come after them would inter their dead over the very spot that once contributed to the vigour of the living. Yet so it was: these baths were found full twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and four feet above them were discovered a number of stone coffins, evident'y Saxon, thus denoting that the place was used by our ancestors as a place of sepulture.

"The Land we Live in."

88.—DAY IN THE JUNGLE.

fer-vid
puls-a-tion
puz-zle

lar-væ
in-stinct-ive-ly
sedg-es

deaf-en-ing
vol-u-bil-i-ty
film-y

At length the fervid noon approaches, the sun mounts high, and all animated nature begins to yield to the oppression of his beams. The green enamelled dragon-flies still flash above every pool in pursuit of their tiny prey; but almost every other winged insect instinctively seeks the shade of the foliage. The hawks and falcons now sweep through the sky to mark the smaller birds which may be abroad in search of seeds and larvæ. The squirrels dart from bough to bough, uttering their shrill, quick cry; and the cicada on the stem of the palm-tree raises the deafening sound whose tone and volubility have won for him the expressive title of "Knife-grinder."

It is during the first five hours of daylight that nature seems literally to teem with life and motion, the air melodious with the voice of birds, the woods resounding with the simmering hum of insects, and the earth replete with every form of living nature. But as the sun ascends to the meridian the scene is singularly changed, and nothing is more striking than the almost painful stillness that succeeds the vivacity of the early morning. Every animal disappears, escaping

under the thick cover of the woods; the birds retire into the shade; the butterflies, if they flutter for a moment in the blazing sun, hurry back into the damp shelter of the trees, as though their filmy bodies had been parched by the brief exposure; and at last silence reigns so profound, that the ticking of a watch is sensibly heard, and even the pulsations of the heart become audible. The buffalo now steals to the tanks and water-courses, concealing all but his gloomy head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; the elephant fans himself languidly with leaves, to drive away the flies which perplex him, and the deer cower in groups under the overarching jungle. Rustling from under the dry leaves, the bright-green lizard springs up the rough stems of the trees, and pauses between each dart to look inquiringly around. The woodpecker makes the forest re-echo with the restless blows of his beak on the decaying bark, and the tortoise drops awkwardly into the still water which reflects the bright plumage of the kingfisher, as he keeps his lonely watch above it.

So long as the sun is about the meridian, every living creature seems to fly his beams, and linger in the closest shade. Man himself, as if baffled in all attempts to escape the exhausting glare, suspends his toil; and the traveller abroad since dawn reposes till the mid-day heat has passed. The cattle pant in their stifling sheds, and the dogs lie prone on the ground, their legs extended *far in front and behind*, as if to bring the utmost

portion of their body into contact with the cool earth.

Sir E. Tennent's "Ceylon."

89.—GUIDANCE OF THE TONGUE.

chol-er	heark-en	in-stru-ment
ob-serv-est	as-sem-blies	re-frain

He that cannot refrain from speaking is like a city without walls; and less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue. Therefore, if thou observest this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err: restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

90.—SPITZBERGEN.

im-pas-si-bil-i-ty	in-ter-rupt-ed	muf-fled
lus-tre	dumb-ness	thrill-ing
av-al-anche	cat-a-str-ophe	ad-e-quate

It was at one o'clock in the morning of the 6th August 1856, that we came to an anchor in the silent haven of English Bay, Spitzbergen. And now, how shall I give you an idea of the wonderful panorama in the midst of which we found our-

selves? I think, perhaps, its most striking feature was the stillness and deadness and impassibility of this new world—ice and earth and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird or any living thing was visible; the midnight sun—by this time muffled in a transparent mist—shed an awful, mysterious lustre on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality; an universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England there is always perceptible an undertone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet, in default of motion, there is always a sense of growth; but here, not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen on the sides of the bald hills. Primeval rocks and eternal ice constitute the landscape.

This haven is almost the only one on the west coast where you are not liable to have the ice set in upon you at a moment's notice. The other harbours along the west coast are all liable to be beset by drift ice during the course of a single night, even though no vestige of it may have been in sight four and twenty hours before; and many a good ship has been inextricably imprisoned in the very *harbour* to which she had fled for refuge. Glaciers *are the* principal characteristic of the scenery in

Spitzbergen. The bottom of every valley, in every part of the island, is occupied, and generally completely filled by them, enabling me in some measure to realise the look of England during the glacial period, when Snowdon was still being slowly lifted towards the clouds, and every valley in Wales was brimful of ice.

Dr Scoresby mentions several ice rivers, which actually measured forty or fifty miles in length, and nine or ten in breadth, while the precipice formed by their fall into the sea was sometimes upwards of four or five hundred feet high. Nothing is more dangerous than to approach these cliffs of ice. Every now and then huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal steep, and topple over into the water, and woe be to the unfortunate ship which might happen to be passing below! Scoresby himself actually witnessed a mass of ice—the size of a cathedral—thunder down into the sea from a height of four hundred feet. Frequently during our stay in Spitzbergen, we ourselves observed these ice avalanches; and scarcely an hour passed without the solemn silence of the bay being disturbed by the thunderous boom resulting from similar catastrophes in valleys around.

No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigour of the six months' winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of the thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the flesh, it brings the skin away

with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board, and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain-peaks outside?

Lord Dufferin.

91.—JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.

ter-ri-ble
crea-ture
fore-head

sav-age
de-fence-less
re-me-dy

pois-on-ous
butt-ing
in-jus-tice

The sheep was obliged to bear ill-treatment from all other animals. Then it went to Jupiter, and entreated him to lessen its misery.

Jupiter seemed willing to do so, and said to the sheep, "I see well, my gentle creature, that I have made thee a little too defenceless; now choose what thou wouldst have me do to remedy this fault. Shall I arm thy mouth with terrible teeth, and thy feet with claws?"

"Oh no!" cried the sheep, "I will not have anything in common with savage wild beasts."

"Then," continued Jupiter, "shall I put poison in thy mouth?"

"Ah!" said the sheep, "the poisonous snakes are so hated."

"Well then, what shall I do? I will put horns on thy forehead, and make thy neck stronger."

"Not that either, good father; I might easily get to be as fond of butting as the buck."

"And yet," said Jupiter, "thou must be able to do harm thyself, if thou wilt defend thyself from those who hurt thee."

"Must I indeed?" sighed the sheep. "Then leave me, good father, as I am; for the power of being able to do harm awakes, I much fear, the desire to do it, and it is better to bear injustice than to do it."

Jupiter blessed the pious sheep, and from that time forth it complained no more.

Lessing.

92.—THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

in-clin-a-tion

pow-der-ed

at-tent-ive

quar-rel-some

dis-a-gree-able

des-pot-ic

con-flag-ra-tion

ac-cus-tom-ed

per-ceive

I had, related an old gentleman once to his nephew, a play-fellow and youthful friend called Albert. We were two wild, unmanageable boys; our clothes, even when new, became quickly soiled and torn. Then there was a whipping for us at home; but we did not change. One day we were sitting in a public garden, and amused ourselves by settling what we intended to be. I determined to be

a Lieutenant-General, and Albert, an Inspector-General.

"Neither of you two will ever do any good in the world," said a very, very old man in handsome clothes and white-powdered wig, who had been standing behind our bench, and had heard our childish plans.

We were afraid, but Albert said, "And why not?"

The old man said, "You are the children of well-to-do, good people, I can see that by your clothes; but you are born to be beggars, or else you could never bear to have these holes in your sleeves." As he said this, he took hold of our elbows, and put his fingers into the holes we had worn in our sleeves. I was ashamed, and so was Albert.

"If," said the old gentleman, "there is no one at home to mend them for you, why do you not learn to sew yourselves? At the beginning, you could have repaired your coats with two stitches; but now it is too late, and you go like beggar boys. If you want to be Lieutenant-General and Inspector-General, you must begin at the very beginning. When once you have mended the holes in your sleeves, you beggar boys, you may begin to think of something else."

We both felt ashamed to the bottom of our hearts; we went silently away, and dared not say anything insolent to the disagreeable old man. I, however, turned the elbow of my sleeve round, so that the hole went to the inside, and no one

could perceive it. I learnt how to sew from my mother, pretending I did so in play, for I would not tell her why I wanted to learn. Now, whenever a seam opened a little in my clothes, or a little place was rubbed through, it was mended directly. That made me more attentive; from this time forth I could not bear to see any dirty spots on clothes which had no holes in them. I was much more steady, more careful, and was pleased with myself, and thought the old gentleman in the snow-white wig was not so far wrong in what he said. With two stitches at the right time one can save a coat, with a handful of lime a house; with a glass of water one can put out what might be a conflagration; out of halfpennies grow half-crowns; out of little seeds trees, no one knows how large.

Albert did not take the matter to heart as I did. It was his own loss. We were both recommended to a shopkeeper. He wanted a boy who was accustomed to write and keep accounts. The shopkeeper tried us, and gave me the preference. My old clothes were whole and clean. Albert looked untidy even in his Sunday clothes. The master told me afterwards, that he looked at me, and said to himself, "He knows how to take care of his own clothes; he will know how to take care of my ledgers."

When I heard that, I thought again of the old gentleman and the hole in the sleeve. I observed I had in other things—in my learning, in my conduct, in my inclinations—still many other

holes in my sleeve. Two stitches at the right time mend all things without trouble and without skill. People must only not let the hole get too big, or else the coat will have to go to the tailor; the doctor will be wanted for the health; and for holes in morality, the punishment of justice. There is nothing which is trifling and unimportant either in good things or bad. Whoever thinks there is, knows nothing of himself, or of life.

My master himself had a terrible hole in his sleeve—that is to say, he was disputatious, quarrelsome, despotic, capricious; this often brought me into trouble. I vindicated myself, then he was angry with me. Ah! thought I, I might have that hole in my sleeve, and then I should be quarrelsome, and cross, and unbearable as my master is. From that time I always let him have his own way; I was satisfied with doing my duty, and kept the peace on my side.

When I had learnt my business, I got a better situation. Accustomed to be content with the few necessities of life, I saved a good deal. Accustomed to forgive no hole in my own sleeve, and to turn away my eyes from those in the sleeves of others, all the world was satisfied with me, as I was with all the world. Thus I had constant friends, steady support, confidence, and employment. God gave His blessing; and thus I became happy in thinking and doing what is right.

My income grew. To what use should I put it? I did not need the twentieth part of it. Should I parade it before the eyes of other people? That

would be folly. Was I in my old age to exhibit another hole in my sleeve? No; I resolved to help others, as God by others had helped me. That was what I did. The greatest good which riches bring with them is to render one independent of the caprices of others, and to give one a large sphere of usefulness.

Now, Conrad, go to school, learn something correctly; think of the man with the snow-white wig; take great care to avoid the first little hole in your sleeve, and whenever you find one, repair it at once.

From the German of Zschokke.

93.—THE ORIGIN OF ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

con-se-quence
he-rald-ry
war-ri-ors

mis-de-mean-our
em-blem-at-ic-al
arm-o-ri-al

ten-a-ci-ous
en-grave-d
hel-met

In the time of King William the Lion (crowned December 24th, 1165), warriors and men of consequence began to assume what are called armorial bearings, which you may very often see cut upon seals, engraved on silver plate, and painted upon gentlemen's carriages. Now, it is as well to know the meaning of this ancient custom.

In the time of which I am speaking, the warriors went into battle clad in complete armour, which covered them from top to toe. On their head they wore iron caps, called helmets, with visors which came down and protected the face; so

that nothing could be seen of the countenance, except the eyes peeping through bars of iron. You have seen such helmets in grandpapa's entrance-hall. But as it was necessary that a king, lord, or knight, should be known to his followers in battle, they adopted two ways of distinguishing themselves.

The one was by a crest, that is, a figure of some kind or other, as a lion, a wolf, a hand holding a sword, or some such decoration, which they wore on the top of the helmet, as we talk of a cock's comb being the crest of that bird. But besides this mark of distinction, these warriors were accustomed to paint emblematical figures, sometimes of a very whimsical kind, upon the shields.

These emblems became general ; and at length no one was permitted to bear any such armorial device, excepting he either had right to carry it by inheritance, or that such right had been conferred upon him by some sovereign prince. To assume the crest or armorial emblems of another man was a high offence, and often mortally resented ; and to adopt armorial bearings for yourself was punished as a misdemeanour by a peculiar court, composed of men called heralds, who gave their name to the science called heraldry. As men disused the wearing of armour, the original purpose of heraldry fell into neglect ; but still persons of ancient descent remained tenacious of the armorial distinctions of their ancestors, and as I told you before, they are now painted on carriages, or

placed above the principal door of country-houses, or frequently engraved on seals. But there is much less attention paid to heraldry now than there was formerly, although the College of Heralds still exists.

Now, William, king of Scotland, having chosen for his armorial bearing a red lion, *rampant* (that is, standing on its hind legs, as if it were going to climb), he acquired the name of William the Lion. And this rampant lion still constitutes the arms of Scotland. *Tales of a Grandfather.*

94.—SIGNS OF WET WEATHER.

clam-or-ous
croak

lo-qua-cious
sprink-ling

wat-er-y
lave

Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies—
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales ;
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind ;
The swallow skims the river's watery face ;
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious
race.

Besides, the several sorts of water-fowls,
That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools ;
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their
food,

Then lave their back with sprinkling dews in
vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promised rain;
The crow with clamorous cries the shower
demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.

Dryden's "Virgil."

95.—A RAIN OF LOCUSTS.

vo-rac-i-ous-ly	breeze	lit-er-al-ly
ex-ag-ger-a-tion	whirl-ed	pu-tre-fac-tion
plagues	de spair	route

After travelling some ten miles, I began to fall in with some locusts. At first they came on gradually, and in small quantities, speckling the earth here and there, and voraciously devouring the herbage. They were not altogether pleasant, as they are weak on the wing, and quite at the mercy of the wind, which uncivilly dashed many a one into my face with a force that made my cheeks tingle. By degrees they grew thicker and more frequent. My progress was now most unpleasant, for they flew into my face every instant. Flung against me and my horse by the breeze, they clung to us with the tightness of desperation, till we were literally speckled with locusts. Each moment the clouds of them became denser, till at length—I am guilty of no exaggeration in saying—they were as thick in the air as the flakes of snow during a heavy fall of it. They covered the grass and

the road, so that at every step my horse crushed dozens; they were whirled into my eyes and those of my poor nag, until at last the latter refused to face them, and turned back in spite of whip and spur.

They crawled about my face and neck, got down my shirt-collar and up my sleeves—in a word, they drove me to despair as completely as they drove my horse to stubbornness, and I was obliged to ride back a mile or two, and claim shelter from them at a house I had passed on my way, fully convinced that a shower of locusts is more unbearable than hail, rain, snow, and sleet combined.

I found the poor farmer in despair at the dreadful visitation which had come upon him—and well he might be so. To-day he had standing crops, a garden, and wide pasture-lands in full verdure; the next day the earth was as bare all round as a macadamised road.

I afterwards saw millions of these insects driven by the wind into the sea at Algoa Bay, and washed on shore in such heaps, that the prisoners and coolies in the town were busily employed for a day or two in burying the bodies, to prevent the evil consequences that would arise from the putrefaction of so many close to the town.

No description of these little plagues, or of the destruction they cause, can well be exaggerated. Fortunately their visitations are not frequent, as I can only remember three during my five years' residence in South Africa. Huge fires are sometimes lighted round corn-lands and gardens to

prevent their approach, and this is an effectual preventive when they can steer their own course; but when carried away by such a wind as I have described, they can only go where it drives them, and all the bonfires in the world would be useless to stay their progress. The farmer, thus eaten out of house and home (most literally), has nothing to do but to move his stock forthwith to some other spot which has escaped them—happy if he can find a route free from their devastations, so that his herds and flocks may not perish by the way.

“The Cape and the Kafirs.”

96.—THE SPRING JOURNEY.

blos-som
sy-ca-more

em-er-ald
jo-vi-al

ver-nal
gleam-ed

Oh! green was the corn, as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from
the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad over-
head. *Bishop Heber.*

97.—THE GARRISON OF THE VILLAGE.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

bag-gage	en-clos-ure	strat-a-gem
val-i-ant	gen-er-ous	re-sist-ance
treach-er-y	art-if-ice	de-ceive-d

During the Thirty Years' War, the Spanish general Gonsalvo de Cordova, being in the Palatinate, thought it was his duty to take the fortified village of Ogersheim. At his approach all the inhabitants fled to Mannheim. Not a soul stayed within the enclosure of the ramparts except a poor shepherd, named Fritz, with his sick wife and new-born son.

Let any one imagine the misery of this poor man when he saw such terrible enemies arrive, and could not save himself from their cruelty as his fellow-citizens had done. But he was cunning and brave, and he thought of a stratagem by which he hoped to escape the peril which threatened him.

After having embraced his wife and his child,

he went out to put his project in execution ; and amongst the baggage left behind by those who had run away, he easily found what he was looking for—that is to say, a complete soldier's dress. He put on his head an enormous helmet, surmounted by a high feather ; on his feet large boots, to which were attached long spurs ; a large sword and a pair of pistols at his belt, and a very fine officer's cloak over his shoulders.

Thus dressed, he went on to the ramparts, at the foot of which was a herald, who summoned the village to surrender.

“ Friend,” replied the valiant shepherd, “ tell, I pray you, your general, that I have not the least intention of obeying his request ; but that if I could make up my mind to do so, it would only be on these conditions :—1st, That the garrison should leave this fortress with the honours of war ; 2d, That the lives and property of the inhabitants should be respected ; 3d, That they should preserve the free exercise of their religion.”

The herald replied that the Spaniards could not submit to such arrangements, that the population of Ogersheim was not in a state to defend itself, and that the best thing it could do was to surrender immediately.

“ My friend,” answered the shepherd calmly, “ do not be so hasty. Tell your general, if you please, that the desire of avoiding bloodshed may determine me to open the gates of this stronghold *to him* ; but that if he does not accept the conditions I have laid before you, he will only enter

here by force, for I swear to you, on my faith as an honest man and a Christian, that the garrison has just received a reinforcement, such as I am quite sure you have not calculated on."

While speaking thus, Fritz lighted his pipe, and began to smoke carelessly, like a man who had not the smallest reason to be uneasy. The herald, disconcerted by this appearance of boldness and indifference, returned to his general, and told him his conversation with the commander of Ogersheim. According to this, Gonsalvo thought also that he might meet with some resistance there. As he did not care about losing his time before such a paltry little town, he resolved to accept the conditions which had been imposed, and advanced with his troops to the gates of the fortress. On learning from the herald this generous determination, the shepherd coolly replied, "Your master is a wise man!" Then he went to lower the drawbridge, and invited the Spaniards to enter.

Surprised at only seeing before him this rustic shepherd, whose military dress made him look very comical, Gonsalvo was afraid of some treachery, and asked where the garrison was?

"If you will have the kindness to follow me," answered Fritz, "I will show you."

"Walk by my side," said the Spanish general, "and I warn you, that at the least sign of treachery I will put a bullet in your head."

"Very well," answered the shepherd, "follow me with confidence. I swear to you, by all I hold dear, that the garrison cannot hurt you."

Q

He then led the general through several silent and deserted streets to the end of a crossway, and made him enter a shabby house; there he pointed out to him his wife. "Behold," said he, "the strongest part of our garrison!" and then showing the baby, "There is our reinforcement!"

Gonsalvo, seeing by what an odd artifice he had been deceived, began to laugh; then taking a gold chain from his neck, he placed it on the bed of the young mother, and drawing from his pocket a purse full of money, he gave it to Fritz.

"Permit me," said he, "to offer this chain as a mark of my respect to the beautiful garrison, and this purse to you for your young recruit." He then kissed the woman and the baby and went out, Fritz guiding him across the village, and thanking him with the deepest emotion.

From the French of Charmier.

98.—THE LAPLANDERS AND THEIR REINDEER.

em-broid-er

trou-ser

wan-der-ing

e-quip-ped

rein-deer

awk-ward

dye-ing

curt-ain

con-trive

A Laplander might be known anywhere, from the inhabitants of more temperate climates, by his short, squat figure, large head, flat face, and small, **dark-grey** eyes. Their summer dress is made of **dark** coarse cloth; but in winter their trousers,

coats, shoes, and gloves, are made of the skins of the reindeer, with the hair outwards. What a droll sight must a Lapland woman be equipped in this manner! for they dress like the men, except a small apron of painted cloth, and a few more rings and trinkets.

They are notwithstanding fond of finery, and contrive to embroider their awkward clothes with brass wire, silver, or coloured wool, which they are skilled in dyeing of various hues. In winter they are glad to eat dried fish, or the flesh of any animal they can catch; but they never think of either roasting or boiling it—they devour it raw. The eggs of wild geese, and other water-fowl which breed in vast numbers on the borders of the lakes, supply them with food in the spring; and when the breeding season is over, they live upon the birds. Some of the people are maintained wholly by fishing; whilst others are employed in tending their flocks of reindeer, and in wandering about the mountains from place to place.

They live in tents made of coarse cloth, which they carry about with them, and pitch for a short time wherever it suits their convenience. But the fishermen build villages, such as they are, near some lake. When they want to make a hut, they take large poles, or the trunks of trees, and place them slanting in the ground, in the form of a circle, so that they meet at the top, except a small opening, which is left for the smoke to pass through. Instead of a carpet, they cover the ground with branches of trees; and the door is

made of reindeer skins arranged like two curtains. During several months in the year these poor people never see the sun; but the beautiful *aurora borealis* (or northern lights, as it is sometimes called), and the reflection of the snow, to a certain degree make them amends.

Of what use would a post-chaise or a coach be to a Laplander, when he travels over deserts of snow? The wheels would be presently clogged up, and he could proceed no farther. Therefore, if he has a little way to go, he puts on his snow-shoes, which are made very long in the foot, to keep him from sinking. But if he has occasion to go to a distance, he harnesses his reindeer to a sledge made in the form of a boat; and after whispering something to the animal, which he is so foolish as to suppose it understands, he seats himself on the sledge, and is carried away with surprising swiftness.

In spite of the cold, the absence of the sun, and the barrenness of the soil, the Laplander loves his own country better than any other, and prefers his hut and his reindeer to the conveniences of a more civilised country.

Wakefield.

99.—THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

PART I.

cav-al-ry
chap-let
pre-ten-sion

in-fant-ry
con-ceal-ment
con-tra-ry

dis-or-der-ly
sur-rend-er
bare-foot-ed

It was upon the 23d of June 1314, the King of Scotland heard the news that the English were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honour by suffering the enemy to pass when he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave to go and assist him. The king refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault. I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the

English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" cried Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now that was nobly done, especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order; and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King

Robert. The king being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall, powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near; then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nutshell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

PART II.

The next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King

Edward, who saw this, cried out, "They kneel down!—they are asking forgiveness!" "Yes," said an English baron; "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers; and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion. The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which *decided* the victory. The servants and attendants *in the Scottish camp* had, as I told you, been sent

behind the army to a place called afterwards the Gillie's (or servant's) Hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory, and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for another army coming to sustain the Scots, and losing heart, began to shift, every man for himself. King Edward left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king until he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of "Argentine! Argentine!" he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

Edward fled first to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but the governor reminded him that he was obliged to surrender the castle the next day. So Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. He did not even give King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, but followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing-skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to

England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

100.—PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

con-tem-pla-tion
cha-r-iot

riv-u-let
in-ter-mix-ed

fan-cies
en-close-d

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace,
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods
t' embrace,

And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds that in the air up-rolled,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains;
The plains extended level with the ground;
The ground divided into sundry veins;
The veins enclosed with rivers running
round;
These rivers making way through nature's
chains

With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea beneath the valleys low,
Where lakes and rills, and rivulets do flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and
green,
In whose cool bowers the birds, with many a
song,
Do welcome with their choir the summer's
queen ;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixed with verdant grass between ;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery
stream.

All these, and many more of His creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth
see,
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they
be !
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from other fancies free ;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

*John Davors ;
from Walton's "Complete Angler."*

101.—LONDON AS IT WAS TWO HUNDRED YEARS 'AGO.

nu-cle-us	im-per-cep-ti-ble	gro-tesque
mould-er-ing	noi-some	tur-moil
la-bur-num	bor-ough	squal-id

Whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles II., will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great 'centre of wealth and civilisation almost to the boundaries of Middlesex, and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes, which now spreads from the Tower to Blackwall, had ever been projected. In the west, scarcely one of these stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet, country village, with scarce a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude, and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din

and turmoil of the monster London. On the south, the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges ; in 1685 a single line of irregular arches, overhung by a pile of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river. The stately dwellings on the south and west of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the piazza of Covent Garden, Bloomsbury and Soho Squares, were among the favourite spots for the residence of noble families. Foreign princes were carried to see Bloomsbury Square as one of the wonders of England. Soho Square, which had just been built, was to our ancestors a subject of pride, with which their posterity will hardly sympathise. The only dwellings to be seen on the north of Piccadilly were three or four rural mansions.

He who rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock. On the north, the Oxford Road (now Oxford Street) ran between hedges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of a few great houses, which were considered as quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring, from which, long afterwards, Conduit Street was named. We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets or squares then bore the same aspect *as at present*. If the most fashionable parts of *the capital* could be put before us such as they

then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere.

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand-boys in London very few could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracen's Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

Macaulay.
(*Longman*).

102.—THE STORY OF LEONIDAS.

ter-ri-to-ry	con-stern-a-tion	e-du-cate
ne-cess-a-ries	pro-di-gi-ous	ex-pe-di-tion
im-pe-ri-ous	mount-ain-ous	tri-umph

The King of Persia commanded a great extent of territory, which was inhabited by many millions of people, and not only abounded in all the necessities of life, but produced immense quantities of gold and silver, and every other costly thing. Yet all this did not satisfy Xerxes, who at that time possessed the empire of this country. The Greeks, his neighbours, were free, and refused to

obey his imperious orders, which he foolishly imagined all mankind should respect; he therefore determined to make an expedition with a mighty army into Greece, and to conquer the country. For this purpose he raised such a prodigious army, ~~that~~ it is almost impossible to describe it; the number of men that composed it seemed sufficient to conquer the whole world, and all the forces the Greeks were able to raise would scarcely amount to a hundredth part. Now the Greeks held public councils to consult about their common safety, and they nobly determined that, as they had hitherto lived free, so they would either maintain their liberty, or bravely die in its defence.

In the meantime Xerxes was continually marching forward, and at length entered Greece. The Greeks had not yet been able to assemble their troops, or make their preparations, and therefore they were struck with consternation at the approach of such an army.

Leonidas was at that time King of Sparta; and when he considered the state of affairs, he saw one method alone by which the ruin of his country and all Greece could be prevented. In order to enter the more cultivated parts of that country, it was necessary for the Persian army to march through a very rough and mountainous district called Thermopylæ. There was only one narrow road through all these mountains, which it was possible for only a very small number of men to defend for some time against the most numerous army.

Leonidas perceived that if a small number of resolute men would undertake to defend this passage, it would retard the march of the whole Persian army, and give the Greeks time to collect their troops. But who would undertake so desperate an enterprise where there was scarcely any possibility of escaping alive? For this reason, Leonidas determined to undertake the expedition himself, with such of the Spartans as would of their own free will attend him, and to sacrifice his own life for the preservation of his country.

With this design, he assembled the chief persons of Sparta, and laid before them the necessity of defending the pass of Thermopylæ. They were equally convinced of its importance, but knew not where to find a man of such determined bravery as to undertake it. "Then," said Leonidas, "since there is no more worthy man ready to perform this service, I myself will undertake it with those who will voluntarily go with me." They were struck with admiration at his proposal, and praised the greatness of his mind, but set before him the certain destruction which must await him. "All this," said Leonidas, "I have already considered; but I am resolved to go, with the appearance indeed of defending the pass, but in reality to die for the liberty of Greece."

Saying this, he instantly went out of the Assembly, and made ready for the expedition, taking with him about three hundred Spartans. Before he went he embraced his wife, who hung about him in tears, as being well acquainted with

the dangerous purpose of his march ; but he endeavoured to comfort her, and told her that a short life was well sacrificed to the interests of his country, and that Spartan women should be more careful about the glory than the safety of their husbands. He then kissed his infant children, and charging his wife to educate them in the same principles he had lived in, went out of his house, to put himself at the head of those brave men who were to accompany him.

As they marched through the city, all the inhabitants attended them with praises and acclamations ; the young women sang songs of triumph, and scattered flowers before them ; the youths were jealous of their glory, and lamented that such a noble doom had not rather fallen upon themselves ; while all their friends and relations seemed rather to exult in the immortal honour they were going to gain, than to be unhappy with the fear of their loss. And as they continued their march through Greece, they were joined by various bodies of their allies, so that their numbers amounted to about six thousand when they took possession of the Straits of Thermopylæ.

PART II.

In a short time Xerxes approached with his innumerable army, which was composed of various nations, and armed in a thousand different ways ; and when he had seen the small number of his

enemies, he could not believe they really meant to oppose his passage. But when he was told that this was surely their design, he sent out a small detachment of his troops, and ordered them to take those Greeks alive, and bring them bound before him. The Persian troops set out, and attacked the Greeks with great fury; but in an instant they were routed, the greater part slain, and the rest obliged to fly. Xerxes was enraged at this misfortune, and ordered the combat to be renewed with greater forces. The attack was renewed, but always with the same result, although he sent the bravest troops in his whole army. Thus was this immense army stopped in its career, and the pride of their monarch humbled, by so inconsiderable a body of Greeks that they were not at first thought worthy of a serious attack. At length, what Xerxes with all his troops was incapable of effecting, was performed by the treachery of some of the Greeks who inhabited that country. For a great reward, they undertook to lead a chosen body of the Persians across the mountains by a secret path with which they alone were acquainted. Accordingly, the Persians set out in the night, and having passed over the mountains in safety, encamped on the other side.

As soon as day arose, Leonidas perceived that he had been betrayed, and that he was surrounded by the enemy; nevertheless, with the same undaunted courage he took all necessary measures, and prepared for the fate which he had long resolved to

meet. After praising and thanking the allies for the bravery with which they had behaved, he sent them all away to their respective countries. Many of the Spartans, too, he would have dismissed under various pretences; but they, who were all determined rather to perish with their king than to return, refused to go. When he saw their resolution, he consented that they should stay with him and share in his fate. All day, therefore, he remained quiet in his camp; but when evening approached, he ordered his troops to take some refreshment, and, smiling, told them "to dine like men who were to sup in another world." They then completely armed themselves, and waited for the middle of the night, which Leonidas judged most proper for the design he meditated. He saw that the Persians would never imagine it possible that such an insignificant body of men should think of attacking their numerous forces; he was therefore determined, in the silence of the night, to break into their camp, and try, amid the terror and confusion which would follow, to surprise Xerxes himself.

About midnight, therefore, this resolute body of Greeks marched out, with Leonidas at their head. They soon broke into the Persian camp, and put all to flight that dared to oppose them. It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion which ensued among so many thousands, thus unexpectedly surprised. Still the Greeks marched on in close order, overturning the tents, destroying all that dared to resist, and driving that mighty army

like frightened sheep before them. At length they came even to the royal tent of Xerxes; and had he not left it at the first alarm, he would there have ended at once his life and expedition. The Greeks in an instant put all the guards to flight, and rushing on the tent, violently overturned it, and trampled under their feet all the costly furniture and vessels of gold which were used by the kings of Persia.

But now the morning began to appear, and the Persians, who had discovered the small number of their enemies, surrounded them on every side, and without daring to come to a close engagement, poured in their arrows and other weapons. The Greeks were wearied, and their number was already much diminished; nevertheless, Leonidas, who was yet alive, led on the intrepid few that yet remained to a fresh attack. Again he rushed upon the Persians, and pierced their thickest battalions as often as he could reach them. But bravery itself was vain against such inequality of numbers, and at every charge the Greek ranks grew thinner and thinner, till at length they were all destroyed without a single man having left his post, or turned his back upon the enemy.

Day.

103.—DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS.

daf-fo-dils
lei-sure

sun-shin-y
un-con-scious

laugh-ter
mea-s-ure

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the
grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-birds slender and
small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own
lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy-chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them
full fain;
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be
but narrow"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they
bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow,
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and
 thrall!
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its
 measure,
 God that is over us all!
Jean Ingelow.

104.—RATS IN THE BASTILE.

se-vere-ly	dun-geon	loop-hole
eight-een	ap-proach	ap-pet-ite
pres-ence	ap-pear	dis-tin-guish

M. de la Tude, who was cruelly confined for thirty-five years in the Bastile and other prisons, succeeded in taming rats. For a long time he had been very much tormented by a crowd of rats who came hunting for food, and living in his straw. "Sometimes," says he, "when I was asleep, they ran across my face; and more than once, by biting me severely, they gave me great pain. I was unable to get rid of them, so I resolved to tame them. The dungeon in which I was confined in the Bastile had a loophole two and a half feet above the floor. In the inside it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually got smaller to the outer side, so that there it was only about eighteen inches wide. From this loophole I derived the

only air and light I was permitted to enjoy: the stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair and table. One day, when I was at this loophole, I saw a large rat appear. I called him to me; he looked at me without showing any fear. I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached, took the bread, went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece. I flung him another, but at a less distance; a third, nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him; for, after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day he came again. I treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to like better than the bread, for this time he eat in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

I have no idea where his dwelling-place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me. He discovered a hole on one side of the window, and fixed his abode in it. On the fifth day, for the first time, he came to sleep there. Next day he brought another rat to his hole, a female one. She was much more timid than the other, only coming out of the hole by degrees, and seizing what I threw half-way to her. At last she ventured to take *what* I offered her from my hand. Some time

after, a third rat appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he considered himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who in the course of a week brought five more; and thus in less than a fortnight our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came. They became so tame they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they never would permit me to touch them on the back. With these simple and innocent occupations I contrived for two years to divert my mind from constantly brooding on my own miseries."

Adapted from "Chambers' Miscellany."

105.—THE LIGHTING OF LONDON.

in-gen-i-ous	con-tem-por-a-ries	en-thu-si-as-tic-al-ly
glim-mer-ed	a-chieve-ment	Mi-chael-mas
ex-toll-ed	e-lo-quent	vac-cin-a-tion

It ought to be noticed that in the last year of the reign of Charles II. began a great change in the police of London, a change which has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the great body of the people as revolutions of much greater fame.

An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent, conveying to him for a term of years the exclusive right of lighting up London. He undertook for a moderate consideration to place a light before every tenth door on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock.

Those who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with a splendour compared with which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten, during a small part of one night in three. But such was not the feeling of his contemporaries. His scheme was enthusiastically applauded, and furiously attacked. The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city. "What," they asked, "were the boasted inventions of Archimedes when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the shades of night into the clearness of noon-tide?"

In spite of these eloquent praises, the cause of night was not left undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as vigorously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads; as vigorously as the fools of an age before the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough and of

alphabetical writing. Many years after the date of Heming's patent there were extensive districts in which no lamp was seen. *Macaulay.*

106.—THE STORY OF HORATIUS.

[Lars Porsena, King of Etruria, marched to besiege Rome, and would have taken it, had not his advance been foiled by three brave men, who kept him and his army at bay whilst the bridge behind them was being cut down.]

swol-len
loos-en-ed

vil-lain
tri-umph

gor-y
rap-tur-ous

But meanwhile, axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee ! ” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace ! ”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he :

But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“ O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

PART II.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well,
 In the brave days of old.


Macaulay.

107.—THE PUFF ADDER.

pro-portion	ven-om-ous	na-tives
be-ware	sum-mer-sault	temp-ting-ly
watch-ful-ness	tor-pid	clum-sy

The puff adder is only found in Africa, but it is very common there. It is even more ugly than the cobra. It is a thick, clumsy, dull-looking snake, very wide in proportion to its length; for it only grows about four or four and a half feet long, and yet its body measures a foot round it. It has a very thick, stumpy tail, a broad, venomous-looking

head, scaly skin, and ugly, cold, glassy eyes. It is a most dangerous snake; for it often nearly buries itself in the sand, so that it is very easy to tread on it, and whoever is bitten by it must die. It is also found in woods, lying half hid by branches, dead leaves, or long grass, or in holes or corners of rocks. In such places as these it is very hard indeed to see it or become aware of it. It is, however, very lazy and fond of sleep, and never attacks you unless you hurt it, or go temptingly near it, but contents itself with raising its head a little, and looking cross and hissing at you. But when it is really angry, it puffs and swells itself up to a very great size, and that is why its name has been given to it. The bushmen—that is, the natives who live in the country, far away from towns—use its poison to put on the tips of their arrows when they go hunting. Colonel Drayson thus describes an escape he had from one of these snakes:—"All snakes seem to suffer sometimes from the poison-bladders being overloaded with poison, and in that state are anxious to bite anything, so as to get rid of some of their poison. I had once a narrow escape from a puff adder which seemed to be in this vicious state. I was riding along a well-beaten waggon-track, when I saw at the side of the road a fine puff adder. Having seen some Caffirs on the road some hundred yards before me, I concluded that these men had killed the snake, as it lay so still that it showed no sign of life. As I wanted to get a good skin of a puff adder, I dismounted and approached the creature,



which had its head partly concealed by the long grass.

When within about a yard of it, I saw a slight movement of the tail, which I knew meant watchfulness, and showed the creature was alive. I had scarcely noticed this fact before the adder suddenly sprang backwards, almost turning a summersault. Fortunately, I was too quick for it, and avoided its spring; whilst, before it could recover itself, it received three or four severe blows on the back and neck with my riding-whip which entirely disabled it."

108.—THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

hap-pi-ly
dole-ful-ly

en-di-a-dem-ed
rai-ment

un-con-scious
ap-par-ell-ed

How happily, how happily the flowers die away !
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the
tomb !

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither "toil
nor spin ;"

Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they 're all apparelled
in ;

No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more
bright

Than ever brow of Eastern queen endiademed with
light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures
never pall ;

Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to
all !—

The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy,
blessed air ;

Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may
freely share.

The happy, careless creatures ! of Time they take
no heed ;

Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his
speed ;

Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light
away ;

Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " Would God
that it were day ! "

And when their lives are over, they drop away to
rest,

Unconscious of the penal doom on holy Nature's
breast ;

No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from
decay,—

Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !

C. Bowles.

109.—THE APPLE.

roy-al-ly
twain
un-guents

ves-sels
lin-en
splend-our

pur-ple
ex-toll-ed
mag-nif-i-cence

There was a rich man at the court of King Herod who was his High Chamberlain, and was clothed in purple and fine linen, and lived day by day royally and happily. There came to him out of a far country a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many long years. And the Chamberlain ordered in his honour a great feast, and invited all his friends. On the table were placed many noble dishes served on gold and silver, and many costly vessels with unguents and wines of all kinds. And the rich man sat on high at the table, and was well pleased, and at his right hand sat his friend who had come from the distant country. And they ate and drank, and were satisfied.

Then said the man out of the far country to the Chamberlain of King Herod, "Such a splendour and magnificence as are found in this thy house cannot be found in the whole length and breadth of the country from which I come." And he extolled his pomp, and called him the happiest of all living men.

But the rich man, the Chamberlain of the king, took an apple from a golden dish. The apple was large and beautiful, and red without, like crimson. And he took the apple and said,

“Behold this apple lies on gold, and its form is most beautiful,” and he reached it to the stranger who was the friend of his youth. But the stranger cut the apple in twain, and behold in the middle of it was a worm!

From the German of Krummacker.

110.—ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

be-ne-vol-ence	in-ev-it-a-ble	a-bridge
ob-vi-ous	in-ter-fer-ing	un-worth-y
pos-it-ive	ex-er-cise	in-sist-ed

Kindness to animals is no unworthy exercise of benevolence. We hold that the lives of brutes perish with their breath, and that they are never to be clothed again with consciousness. The inevitable shortness, then, of their existence should plead for them touchingly. The insects on the surface of the water, poor short-lived things, who would needlessly abridge their dancing pleasure of to-day? Such feelings we should have towards the whole animate creation. To those animals over which we are masters, for however short a time, we have positive duties to perform. This seems too obvious to be insisted upon; but there are persons who act as though they thought they could buy the right of ill-treating any of God's creatures.

We should never in any way consent to the ill-treatment of animals, because the fear of ridicule, or some other fear, prevents our interfering. As

to there being anything really trifling in any act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day which a man, absorbed in some worldly pursuit, may carelessly expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him—and kindness to an animal is one of these—are perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worth recording.

Arthur Helps.

EXERCISES IN ETYMOLOGY AND SPELLING.

WORDS are either primary, compound, or derivative.

A primary word is one in its simplest form, as—boy, horse, red.

A compound word is made up of two or more simple words, as—coach-man, post-boy, horse-man, foot-man, rail-way.

A derivative word is made out of some simple word by the addition of a prefix or a suffix.

A prefix is an addition of one or more letters before a word, as—

in-spect	=	<i>to look into.</i>
ad-ore	=	<i>to pray to.</i>
im-merse	=	<i>to dip into.</i>
inter-change	=	<i>to change between.</i>
pre-cede	=	<i>to go before.</i>

A suffix is an addition of one or more letters after a word, as—

man-ly	=	<i>like a man.</i>
prince-ly	=	<i>like a prince.</i>
quarrel-some	=	<i>full of quarrel.</i>
greed-y	=	<i>full of greed.</i>
life-less	=	<i>without life.</i>
act-or	=	<i>one who acts.</i>

Some of the most frequent prefixes are given below. Many of them are really Latin prepositions, and it is to be observed that the final letter of a preposition, when placed before another word, usually becomes, for the sake of more easy pronunciation, the same as the first letter of the word before which it is placed. Thus the Latin preposition "ad"—"to"—assumes the following forms when placed before words beginning with different letters of the alphabet—

ac, af, ag, al, an, ar, as, *and* at,

in such words as—

ac-cept, af-firm, ag-gress-or, al-lude, an-nounce,
ar-rive, as-cend, at-tend.

PREFIXES.*

VARIATIONS IN FORM.

Ab, <i>from</i>	abs, a
Ad, <i>to</i>	ac, af, ag, al, an, ap, ar, as, at
Ante, <i>before</i>	
Anti, <i>against</i>	ant
Circum, <i>around</i>	circu
Cum, <i>with</i>	con, col, com, cor, cog, co
Contra, <i>against</i>	counter, contro
De, <i>down, from</i>	
Dis, <i>asunder, and some-</i> <i>times not</i>	di, dif
Ex, <i>out of, from</i>	ec, ef, e
Extra, <i>beyond</i>	
In, <i>into, in, and some-</i> <i>times not</i>	ig, il, im, ir
Inter, <i>between</i>	
Intro, <i>within</i>	

* These prefixes should be carefully committed to memory.

PREFIX.	VARIATIONS IN FORM.
Ob, <i>against</i>	oc, of, op
Per, <i>through</i>	
Post, <i>after</i>	
Præ, <i>before</i>	pre
Pro, <i>forth</i>	
Re, <i>back, again</i>	
Retro, <i>backward</i>	
Sub, <i>under</i>	suc, suf, sug, sup, sus
Super, <i>above</i>	sur
Trans, <i>beyond</i>	

AB, ABS, A, *from*.

ab-jure	abs-tract
ab-solve	abs-tain
a-vert	

AD, AC, AF, AG, AL, AN, AP, AR, AS, AT, A, *to*.

ad-journ	ag-gress-ive	ar-rest
ad-vert	ag-grav-ate	ar-rear
ad-apt	al-lege	ar-ro-gate
	al-lot	
ac-cept	al-lure	as-sent
ac-cede		as-sort
ac-quire	an-nex	
	an-nounce	at-tain
		at-test
af-fix	ap-pend	at-tune
af-fable	ap-proach	a-scribe

ANTE, *before*.

ante-cedent
ante-chamber
ante-date
ante-dilu-vi-an

ANTI, *against*.

anti-dote
anti-pathy
anti-pod-es
anti-type

CIRCUM, *round*.

circum-scribe
circum-vent
circum-spect
circum-nav-ig-ate

CUM, CON, COM, COG, COL, COR, CO, *with*.

con-cord	com-pose	col-lapse
con-cur	com-pound	col-league
con-course	com-press	cor-rupt
con-fine	com-pel	co-equal
con-gress	com-pan-ion	co-here
con-spire	cog-nate	co-oper-ate
con-tend	cog-nis-ance	co-ad-jutor
con-tract	col-late	co-in-cide
con-voke		

CONTRA, CONTRO, COUNTER, *against*.

contra-dict	contro-vert	counter-mand
con-tra-ry		counter-march

DE, *from, down*.

de-cide	de-grade	de-tain
de-cline	de-part	de-tect
de-duce	de-pend	de-tract
de-fend	de-press	de-vi-ate
	de-spair	

DIS, DI, DIF, *asunder*, and hence sometimes *not*.

dis-miss	dis-solve	di-vide
dis-join	dis-cour-age	di-gress
dis-sect	dis-ap-prove	
dis-tract	dis-ap-pear	dif-fer
dis-trib-ute	dis-em-bark	dif-fuse

EX, EC, EF, E, *out of, from*.

ex-clude	ex-tort	ef-flux
ex-pel	ex-tract	
ex-pire		e-duce
ex-port	ec-cen-tric	e-vict
ex-pose	ec-lipse	e-ject
ex-punge		e-mi-grate
ex-tend	ef-face	e-du-cate

EXTRA, *beyond*.

extra-or-din-ary

extra-vag-an

IN, IM, *in, into*.

in-cur

in-hab-it

in-trude

in-duce

in-ject

in-graft

in-quire

im-pel

in-clude

in-quest

im-port

in-fuse

in-scribe

im-pose

in-spect

IN, IG, IL, IM, IR, *not*.

in-act-iv

in-dis-tinct

im-mort-al

in-an-im-ate

im-pa-tient

in-ca-pa-ble

ig-noble

in-ces-sant

ig-norant

ir-reg-ular

in-cor-rect

ir-rev-er-ent

in-cred-ible

il-lit-er-ate

il-lib-er-al

INTER, *between, among*.

inter-line

inter-pose

inter-rupt

inter-sect

OB, OC, OF, OP, *against*.

ob-ject

oc-cur

op-pose

ob-struct

op-press

ob-trude

of-fend

PER, *through*.

per-spire

per-for-ate

per-chance

per-ceive

per-haps

per-ad-vent-ure

per-form

per-ish

per-man-ent

POST, *after*.

post-pone

post-script

PRÆ, PRE, *before.*

pre-cede	pre-fix	pre-vent
pre-dict	pre-pare	pre-scribe

PRO, *forth, forward, beforehand.*

pro-ceed	pro-mote	pro-pose
pro-duce	pro-pel	pro-vide
pro-gress	pro-nounce	pro-voke

RE, *back, again.*

re-call	re-cur	re-pel
re-cede	re-deem	re-press
re-ceive	re-duce	re-pond
re-claim	re-flect	re-spire
re-cline	re-fuse	re-sume
re-col-lect	re-ject	re-tain
re-cord	re-mit	re-treat
re-count	re-pair	re-view

RETRO, *backwards.*

retro-grade	retro-spect
-------------	-------------

SUB, SUC, SUF, SUG, SUP, SUS, *under.*

sub-join	suc-ceed	sup-port
sub-merge	suc-cumb	sup-pose
sub-scribe	suf-fer	sup-ply
sub-mit	suf-fice	
sub-tract		sus-tain
	sug-gest	

SUPER, SUR, *above, beyond, upon.*

super-add	sur-charge
super-fine	sur-mount
super-scribe	sur-name
super-cede	sur-tout
super-vise	sur-vive

TRANS, *beyond, through, across.*

trans-fix	trans-gress	trans-fer
trans-mit	trans-pose	trans-cend
trans-port	trans-mute	trans-plant

SUFFIXES.

In spelling derivative words formed by aid of suffixes, the following simple rules will be found useful:—

RULE I.—When a suffix, beginning with a vowel, as EG, ER, AL, ANCE, ING, ABLE, IBLE, URE, OUS, IVE, Y, ISH, is added to a word ending with *e*, it is usual to drop the final *e* of the simple word, thus—

give, giv-er; dispose, dispos-al; connive, conniv-ance;
strive, striv-ing; cure, cur-able; produce, produc-ible;
disclose, disclos-ure; fame, fam-ous; conduce, conduc-ive;
stone, ston-y; slave, slav-ish.

Exceptions to this rule.—The final *e* is sometimes retained, especially when its removal would render the pronunciation of the derivative word doubtful, as in the following examples—

peace, peace-able; service, service-able; change, change-able;
hie, hie-ing; vie, vie-ing; dye, dye-ing; eye, eye-ing;
shoe, shoe-ing; hoe, hoe-ing; see, see-ing; singe, singe-ing.

RULE II.—When a suffix is added to a word ending in a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, it is usual to repeat the final consonant, thus—

rob, rob-ber; sin, sin-ner; rebel, rebel-led; commit, commit-ting;
run, run-ner; wet, wet-ting; red, red-der;
big, big-gest; gun, gun-ner; mad, mad-dest; sad, sad-den;
glad, glad-den; wit, wit-ty; rub, rub-ber; stop, stop-page;
bag, bag-gage; lug, lug-gage, &c.

Exceptions to this rule.—Words of more than one syllable do not double the final consonant, as—
benefit, benefit-ed ; bigot, bigot-ed ; surrender, surrender-ed ;
fever, fever-ish ; credit, credit-or ; ruin, ruin-ous ;

unless the accent strikes the last syllable, or the final letter be *l*, as—

concur, concur-rent ; prefer, prefer-red ; bedim, bedim-med ; allot, allot-ted ; abet, abet-tor ; demur, demur-red ; apparel, apparel-led ; cancel, cancel-led ; dishevel, dishevel-led ; libel, libel-led ; marvel, marvel-ler ; jewel, jewel-ler ; travel, travel-ler ; rival, rival-led ; shovel, shovel-led.

RULE III.—When a suffix is added to a word ending in *y* preceded by a consonant, the letter *y* is changed into the cognate sound of *i*, thus—

try, tri-al ; pity, piti-ful ; duty, duti-ful ; glory, glori-fy ; holy, holi-ness ; merry, merri-ment ; envy, envi-ous, envi-able ; comply, compli-ance ; copy, copi-er ; carry, carri-er ; fry, fri-ed ; giddy, giddi-er ; lively, liveli-est ; rosy, rosi-er ; lazy, lazi-er ; worthy, worthi-est ; victory, victori-ous ;
harmony, harmoni-ous.

In a few words *y* is changed into *e*, as—

beauteous, duteous, plenteous, bounteous, piteous.

Exceptions to this rule.—The letter *y* is not changed when followed by the letter *i*, as—

drying, frying, carrying, plying, denying, &c.

Nor in the words—

dryness, shyness, slyness.

RULE IV.—When the suffixes **NESS**, **LESS**, **LY** or **FUL** are added to words ending in *ll*, it is usual to drop one *l*, thus—

dul-ness, wil-ful, skil-ful, &c.

The same rule holds good in some compound words, thus—

already, although, almost, withal, until, chilblain, fulfil, bulrush, belfry, welcome, &c.

Exceptions to this rule—

allspice, farewell, unwell, illness, stillness, smallness, tallness, downhill, befall, befell, downfall, waterfall, undersell, millstone, millrace, &c.

SUFFIXES WITH EXAMPLES.

ANT, ENT, AR, ARD, EE, ER, EER, IER, IST, OR, STER, denoting one who *does*, or *makes*, or *is*.

as-sail-ant	pa-tent-ée	dent-ist
claim-ant	trust-ee	flor-ist
com-plain-ant		jour-nal-ist
de-fend-ant	col-li-er	or-gan-ist
serv-ant	cus-tom-er	roy-al-ist
sup-pli-ant	farm-er	
ten-ant	mar-in-er	act-or
	port-er	capt-or
re-cip-i-ent		cred-it-or
re-spond-ent	buc-can-neer	debt-or
	char-iot-eer	doct-or
beg-gar	mount-ain-eer	sail-or
schol-ar	mu-tin-eer	
		game-ster
cow-ard	brig-ad-ier	malt-ster
drunk-ard	gren-ad-ier	pun-ster
slug-gard		song-ster
	art-ist	spin-ster
re-fer-ee	bot-an-ist	

ACY, AGE, ANCE, ANCY, DOM, HOOD, ITY, TY, SHIP,
UDE, URE, denoting *office, state, condition, or
being.*

cur-acy	free-dom	friend-ship
cel-ib-acy	king-dom	fel-low-ship
prel-acy		work-man-ship
	boy-hood	
bond-age	child-hood	fort-it-ude
peer-age	man-hood	rect-it-ude
	priest-hood	serv-it-ude
ab-und-ance		
el-eg-ance	brev-ity	capt-ure
	cred-ul-ity	com-pos-ure
pli-ancy	dex-ter-ity	ten-ure
	fer-til-ity	
duke-dom	prob-ity	nov-el-ty
earl-dom	serv-il-ity	
	vit-al-ity	

ABLE, IBLE, ILE, LY, denoting *worthiness, ability,
power, or likeness.*

ad-mir-able	aud-ible	ju-ven-ile
at-tain-able	cred-ible	mer-cant-ile
cap-able	ed-ible	
eat-able	flex-ible	
form-id-able	sens-ible	cow-ard-ly
man-age-able		el-der-ly
port-able	fert-ile	ghast-ly
prob-able	in-fant-ile	hour-ly
prac-tic-able		

FUL, OUS, EOUS, IOUS, OSE, SOME, Y, denoting
fulness.

art-ful	fruit-ful	ri-ot-ous
bliss-ful	pit-i-ful	tim-or-ous
cheer-ful		zeal-ous
doubt-ful	cour-age-ous	
fright-ful	joy-ous	cloud-y

fault-y	dut-eous	joc-ose
guilt-y		verb-ose
health-y	in-gen-ious	
need-y	la-bor-ious	irk-some
	nu-trit-ious	quar-rel-some
bount-eous	per-fid-ious	toil-some
court-eous		whole-some

ICLE, ET, KIN, LET, LING, OCK, ULE, denoting
smallness.

art-icle	pip-kin	found-ling
ic-icle		sap-ling
part-icle	ring-let	strip-ling
	riv-u-let	year-ling
flow-er-et	stream-let	
pock-et		hill-ock
	dar-ling	
lamb-kin	gos-ling	glob-ule

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATE, FY, ISH, IVE, ITE, INE, LESS, WARD.

in-und-ate	act-ive	ser-pent-ine
nav-ig-ate	pass-ive	
term-in-ate	sport-ive	
		cheer-less
qual-i-fy	fert-ile	count-less
sanc-ti-fy	mer-cant-ile	doubt-less
sat-is-fy	pro-ject-ile	
book-ish		back-ward
child-ish	fem-in-ine	for-ward
self-ish	sat-urn-ine	home-ward

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